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A Timetable is given below of the most important day trains:—

FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)

WEEKDAYS—RESTAURANT

7.25 A.M. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Inverness. New day service to Inverness, arriving 9.40 p.m.

9.20 A.M. Edinburgh and Glasgow. (Saturdays only, 25th July to 29th August).

10.0 A.M. "The Flying Scotsman" Louis XVI Restaurant. Edinburgh (non-stop) arr. 5.15, Dundee arr. 6.47, Aberdeen arr. 8.28 p.m.

10.5 A.M. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.

11.20 A.M. "The Queen of Scots"

Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen.

11.50 A.M. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee. (Saturdays only).

1.20 P.M. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth (Inverness—Saturdays excepted).

2.30 P.M. Edinburgh, Glasgow (Saturdays only).

SUNDAYS—RESTAURANT

11.20 A.M. Edinburgh, Glasgow.

1.0 P.M. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Inverness.

FROM EUSTON (L M S)

WEEKDAYS—RESTAURANT

10.0 A.M. "The Royal Scot"—Edinburgh and Glasgow. See note C.

10.5 A.M. Stirling, Glenaeles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen. See note D.

1.15 P.M. "The Midday Scot"—Sats. only. Glasgow. See note A.

1.30 P.M. "The Midday Scot"—Sats. only. Edinburgh. See note B.

1.35 P.M. (Sats. only). Stirling, Glenaeles, Perth, Aberdeen.

2.0 P.M. "The Midday Scot" (Sats. ex.) Glasgow; Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, Glenaeles, Aberdeen, Oban, Inverness.

SUNDAYS—RESTAURANT

11.30 A.M. Glasgow (Cent.). Stirling.

11.45 A.M. Glasgow (Cent.) and Edinburgh (Princes Street), also to Perth, Aberdeen and Inverness, via Glasgow.

Notes: A—Will not run after September 5th. B—Also to Glasgow commencing September 12th. C—Edinburgh portion leaves at 10.5 a.m. Saturdays July 25th to September 5th inclusive. D—On Saturdays from July 25th to September 5th inclusive, leaves at 10.10 a.m.

FROM ST. PANCRAS (L M S)

WEEKDAYS—RESTAURANT

9.0 A.M. "The Thames-Forth Express"—Edinburgh, Glenaeles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.

10.0 A.M. "The Thames-Clyde Express"—Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow (St. Enoch), Ayr, Turnberry. 11.50 A.M. Edinburgh, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Glasgow (St. Enoch), Glen-

eagles, Perth, Aberdeen (and Inverness and Oban—no arrival on Sundays).

SUNDAYS

10.0 A.M. Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Edinburgh and Glasgow (Cent.), Perth, Inverness and Aberdeen, via Glasgow. Restaurant Car to Leeds, & Carlisle to Glasgow (Cent.).

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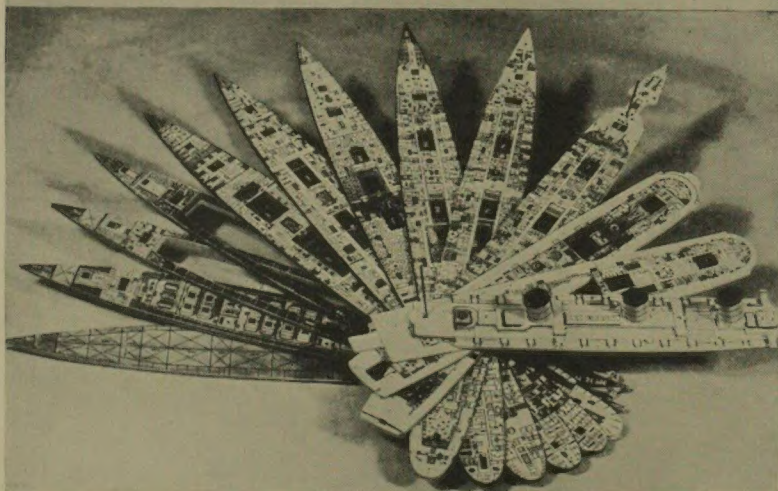
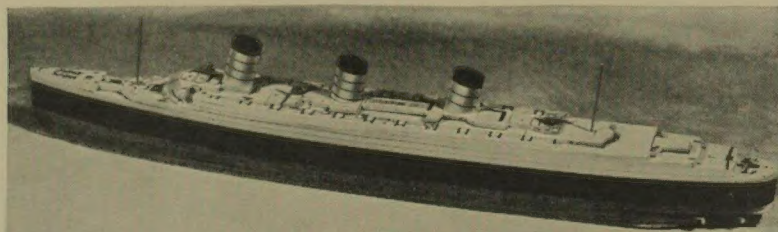
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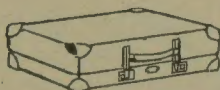
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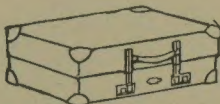
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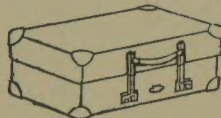
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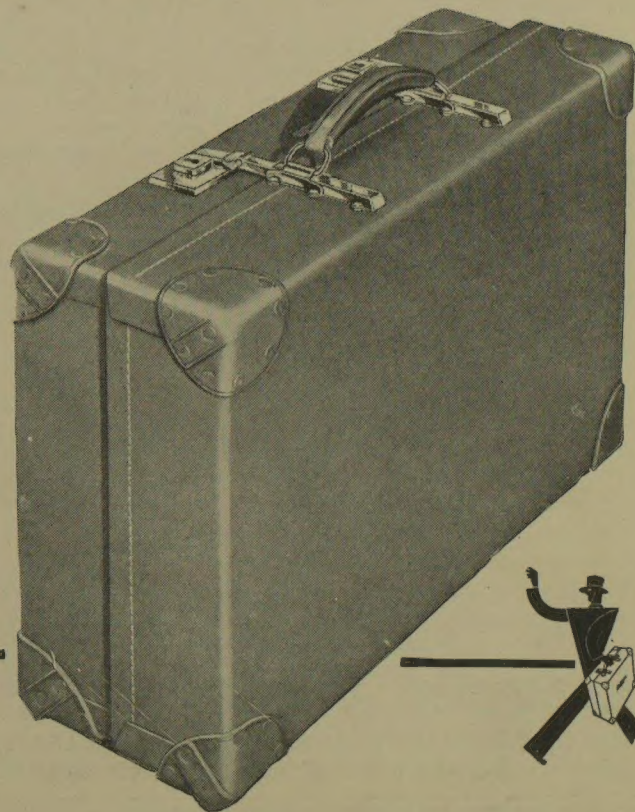


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This delightful photograph was taken in Whiteway's cyder-apple orchards at Whimble, where large numbers of pigs seem to enjoy "the shade of the old apple-trees."

SCENES FROM

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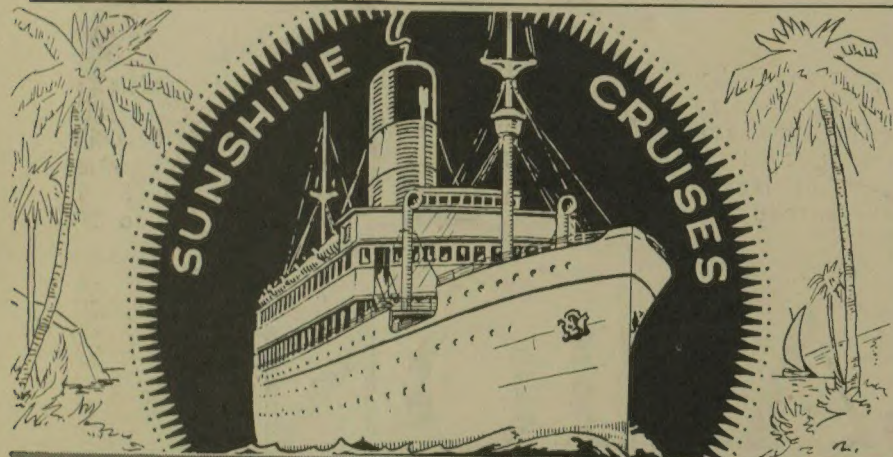
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SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1936.



WE are now able to illustrate, by these photographs, the arrival in Georgetown harbour, British Guiana, of the 25-ton auxiliary-motor fishing-boat "Girl Pat," of Grimsby, which, as noted in our issue of June 27, was arrested off that port on June 19, after a skirmish, by police in the British Guiana Government's 121-ton coastal motor-vessel "Pomeroon," on a warrant accusing her master of being in unlawful possession of a ship within British territorial waters. The "Girl Pat," it may be recalled, left Grimsby on April 2 for the North Sea fishing-grounds, but next day unexpectedly called at Dover, and thus began her mysterious voyage of over 5000 miles, during



which she was "sighted" at various places and aroused world-wide curiosity. On June 24 it was reported from Georgetown that two pages of her log-book (believed to contain the solution of the mystery) were missing. On the 27th it was stated that the master and his brother had been remanded in custody by the Georgetown magistrate, and that, if later he found there was a *prima facie* case against them, they would be taken to London and brought up at Bow Street, where they might possibly be committed for trial at the Old Bailey. On July 3 they were again remanded at Georgetown for another week, without bail. No charges were made against the other two members of the crew.

THE MYSTERY OF THE "GIRL PAT": THE GRIMSBY TRAWLER (DAMAGED WHILE BEING CHASED) IN GEORGETOWN HARBOUR, BRITISH GUIANA, ALONGSIDE HER CAPTOR, THE "POMEROON", (BELOW) TOWED BY THE SAME SHIP.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I IMAGINE there must be many to whom the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's seems only a juvenile and unnecessary intrusion into the serious business of county cricket. Others there are, too, who regard it as a feudal anachronism out of keeping with the spirit of the age, and some as a rather lamentable exhibition of class distinction. So many top hats in so small a space, it may be argued, are an insult to democracy. In this view the spectacle, though not quite as alarming as a Fascist rally, is almost as much to be deplored. All this may very well be true; but to the historian this particular match remains a sheer delight. It dates from the days when Lord's was a suburban meadow, and its coaches and carriages, which appear annually from Heaven knows what forgotten mews or stable-yards, belong to the time when the spectators drove their vehicles on to the ground and sat in them in preference to the more plebeian grass, which was then the only alternative. The rival players are the beneficiaries of the pious Henry VI and of a thriving Elizabethan yeoman—the Middle Ages pitted against the Renaissance—and the match between them was first played before Trafalgar. Byron took part in it and Palmerston watched it much as another son of the Hill, the present Prime Minister, does to-day.

To anyone who was at Eton or Harrow the match has another and very human charm. There is nothing more endearing to our nature than an annual festival. It exhilarates and it binds. It occurs sufficiently seldom not to lose the agreeable sense of being an occasion, and yet often enough to be reassuring and familiar. It is like the pantomimes or the Punch and Judy shows of our childhood: the routine, so exciting and out of the ordinary, was yet a part of our lives, for each year, we knew, brought them again. So also it is with the recurring seasons: Christmas and spring in turn delight and reassure—delight because they seem new, and reassure because they have happened ever since we can remember. Creatures of habit in a world of change, our hearts cling to whatever gives us an illusion of permanence. Above all other English festivals of this kind, except perhaps the Derby, "Lord's" gives an illusion of permanence. To the devotee who has attended it year by year since boyhood the second week of July always brings the same thing. On the appointed Friday he dons top hat and morning coat—if, like the present writer, he is an unfashionable fellow, not without a strong attendant sense of moth-ball—and hails a taxi. I am old enough to remember when it was a hansom. All the way to the ground he sits in an agony of suppressed agitation; every moment spent by the vehicle in attaining St. John's Wood Road is lost to all eternity: the match may have begun, a wicket may have fallen, or a six been driven meteorically into one of the carriages.

O cabby, trot him faster,
O hurry, engine, on!
Come glory or disaster,
Before the day be done!

The poet's simple lines were written, I believe, as far back as 1888, but the coming of petrol has robbed them of nothing of their force and truth.

Long before the gate can be reached the impatient pilgrim has alighted in the midst of the traffic and forced his way through the converging mass of Ascot frocks and hats, flower-sellers and the vendors of comic mechanical toys who so hopefully and improbably display their roving wares on the pavement. These also, as much as the top-hatted fraternity, are true to their part in the recurrent ritual: and their absence at such a moment would be as irreparable as an ancient jewel stolen from the King's crown. Inside the ground all things follow their allotted course. Now the light blue caps take the field; and now the dark blue and white. With changes and with chances the innings come and go. Behind the stands, lined with heedful faces, passes in chattering continuity the monstrous regiment of women, pretending disdain and secretly enjoying itself enormously. For this particular cricket fixture has the quality of

"with advantages." Some venerable memories will even fasten scores to particular seasons—Fowler's year or that famous match when Harrow won by a single wicket. But to the poet and historian all matches seem much the same in retrospect: two teams fought fiercely for victory, their partisans cheered and counter-cheered and no one ever was prig enough to hope that the best side would win. Even Harrow's long spell of failure to score a victory—over a quarter of a century now—does not really affect the epic quality of that tense recollection.

For two days the hallowed field, tented no more save in its obscure parts and encompassed now by stands built for more famous but scarcely greater matches—for it is the heart that measures greatness—is made the temple for an act of ritual. It is like the ritual of a great Continental cathedral, in which

every comer can take his part when and as he pleases and never mar the strong harmony of the whole. Within certain clearly prescribed rules, which no one has any need to transgress, everyone can do exactly what he or she likes. The more perfectly the rules are observed the greater the enjoyment and freedom of the individual. The women can stroll, gossip, and fill the ground at each interval with kaleidoscopic colour, the watching boys can bang their ribboned sticks loudly on the ground at every stroke, and the old men tell tales and see visions. In the Pavilion the gentlemen of England—an anachronism these thirty years but for this match—take their ease in their own peculiar Zion—some place their hats on the seats beside them, some tilt them over their eyes, and others blandly consign them to the backs of their pates. Above, on the roof, others, untroubled by the thought of their female belongings and acquaintances far below, have taken off coat and fancy waistcoat and are unabashedly displaying to the Heavens their braces and shirt sleeves. "Haaar-row! . . . Eeeton!" shout the boys. Nonchalantly at first, and with growing fervour, the Gods join in.



"I AM HERE TO-DAY TO CLAIM THAT JUSTICE WHICH IS DUE TO MY PEOPLE": THE EMPEROR HAILE SILASSIE OF ABYSSINIA MAKING HIS PROTEST AGAINST ITALY BEFORE THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA—(SEATED TOGETHER AT THE BACK, LEFT TO RIGHT) M. VAN ZEELAND (PRESIDING) AND M. AVENOL, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE LEAGUE. The Emperor Haile Silassie addressed the League Assembly at Geneva on June 30 in a speech of impressive dignity. After recalling the decision of fifty nations that an aggression had been committed, he described, as a warning to Europe, the deadly effects of Italian poison-gas sprayed from aircraft over densely populated areas. He then traced the successive stages of the conflict. "I refused," he said, "all proposals to my personal advantage made to me by the Italian Government if only I would betray my people and the Covenant. I was defending the cause of all small peoples threatened with aggression. . . . The problem to-day is a much wider one than the removal of sanctions. It is the very existence of the League of Nations. . . . It is the confidence that each State is to place in international treaties. It is the value of promises made to small States. . . . God and history will remember your judgment. . . . Placed by the aggressor face to face with the accomplished fact, are States going to set up a terrible precedent of bowing before force? Representatives of the world, I have come to Geneva to discharge in your midst the most painful of the duties of a Head of a State. What reply shall I have to take back to my people?"

gusto: the air is full of enthusiasm, and no one, however *blasé*, can long escape the infection. It cannot entirely be due to the cricket, which at times is often boring enough and in any case almost completely disregarded by large numbers of the *habitués*. It is rather as though some boisterous spirit as of county meadows ringed with neighbours had invaded London from the encircling shires and, disguising itself in top hat and fancy waistcoat, set up carnival in the dull town's midst: even the wooded heights of Hampstead seem nearer than usual to-day. The appearance of sophistication lent to the occasion by party frocks and social chatter is only surface thin: beneath is Dingley Dell and the mingled lords and rustics on Hambledon Down. Sometimes, as that mighty shout of Eton goes up and Harrow's deep-throated counter-cry, the attentive listener may hear from sixty miles and twice sixty years away the ghostly cry in broad Hampshire of "Tich and turn, tich and turn."

Some of the old hands who sit in the Pavilion will perhaps recall what happened in previous matches—probably if they took part in the contest themselves,

When the match was still young, Keats, who never saw it, but was born into an England where rich and hallowed ritual in every ancient town and village was still the heritage of all her people, saw with a poet's eye the truth and beauty inherent in the festival of a long-dead community painted on a Grecian urn—

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest, . . .

Already the white-coated umpires are going to the wicket, and across the green field come the young eternal figures.

What little town by river or sea-shore
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn? . . .

Black and white, crimson and blue, light blue for Eton and dark for Harrow, white rose for York and red for Lancaster, the stands are crammed and the lists are set. And round and round the ground the deathless procession goes, pretending gravity, filled with delicious secret joy, chattering and shining in its finery.

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

MALTA—TO REMAIN A NAVAL BASE: VALLETTA SOME TWO CENTURIES AGO.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI AND CO.

RUMOURS which have been current, to the effect that Malta was to be abandoned as a naval base, were denied recently in the House of Commons by Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty. On the contrary, he said, Malta would remain the chief naval base in the Mediterranean, and the headquarters of the Mediterranean Fleet. In reply to a further question, Sir Samuel added that, since there was no intention whatever of evacuating Malta, every practical means would be taken to render its defence secure against any possible attack from either sea or air. This decision may have been influenced by the consideration that Cyprus, which had been put forward in some

[Continued below on right.]



THE CENTRAL NAVAL BASE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN AS IT WAS SOME TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A PAINTING OF VALLETTA ATTRIBUTED TO VANVITELLI (1674-1736); SHOWING MARSAMUSCETTO HARBOUR-SIDE AND THE ENTRANCE TO MARSAMUSCETTO HARBOUR.



VALLETTA FROM THE FAR END OF THE GRAND HARBOUR, FROM AN IMAGINARY HEIGHT NEAR MARSA, LOOKING NORTH-EAST: A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO VANVITELLI; SHOWING THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

[Continued.]

quarters as an alternative to Malta as a naval base, is itself far from ideally situated. It has been pointed out that Cyprus is flanked by non-British territory, and is only 235 miles away from the Italian island of Rhodes, which has become an important naval and air base. With the development of aviation, it was argued, Cyprus would soon become as vulnerable as Malta. During June, combined manoeuvres of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, involving the whole of Malta, were held at the island. On July 1 there was a debate in the House of Commons on the Malta (Letters Patent) Bill, and a discussion of the island's Constitution. In view

[Continued on left]

[Continued.]

of the prominence of Malta in the news of the day, these attractive paintings of Valletta as it was some two centuries ago are of special interest. They are attributed to the Dutch painter Kaspar van Witte, who was born at Utrecht in 1674 and died at Rome in 1736. He came as a young man to Rome, and there Italianised his name as Vanvitelli. He painted a number of landscapes and architectural subjects, notably at Rome and Naples, earning comparison with Canaletto for the grace and precision of his work. At the end of the seventeenth century the Knights of the Order of St. John were still supreme in Valletta. British naval relations with the island had already begun, for in 1675 ships of war visited Malta, and in 1688 a fleet under the Duke of Grafton came to Valletta. The rule of the Knights lasted till 1798, when Bonaparte took the island; but in the following year Nelson blockaded the

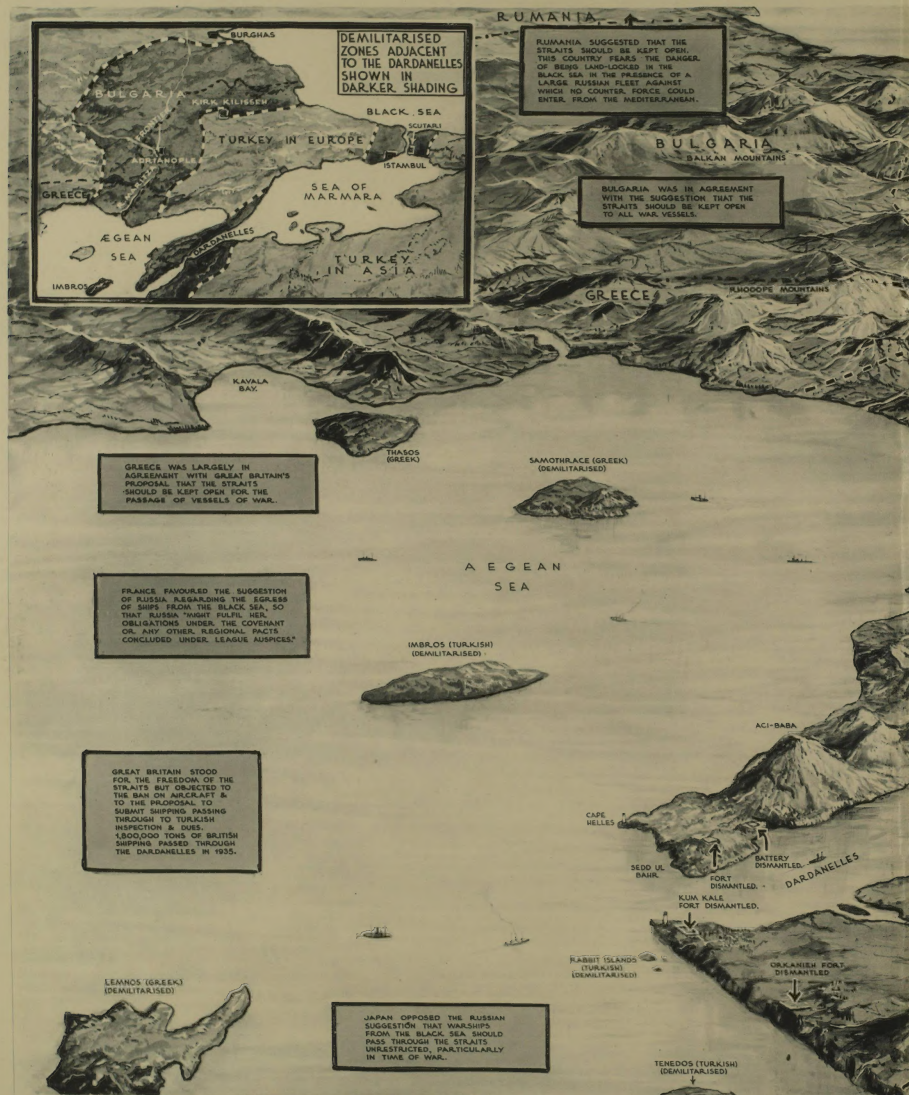


THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND HARBOUR—TO REMAIN BRITAIN'S PRINCIPAL MEDITERRANEAN NAVAL BASE: VALLETTA FROM RICASOLI POINT, LOOKING WEST—A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO THE DUTCH ARTIST VANVITELLI.

French in Malta, and, after their defeat, set up a provisional administration. In 1814 Great Britain's possession of it was confirmed, and since then Malta has proved one of the most valuable naval bases in the world.

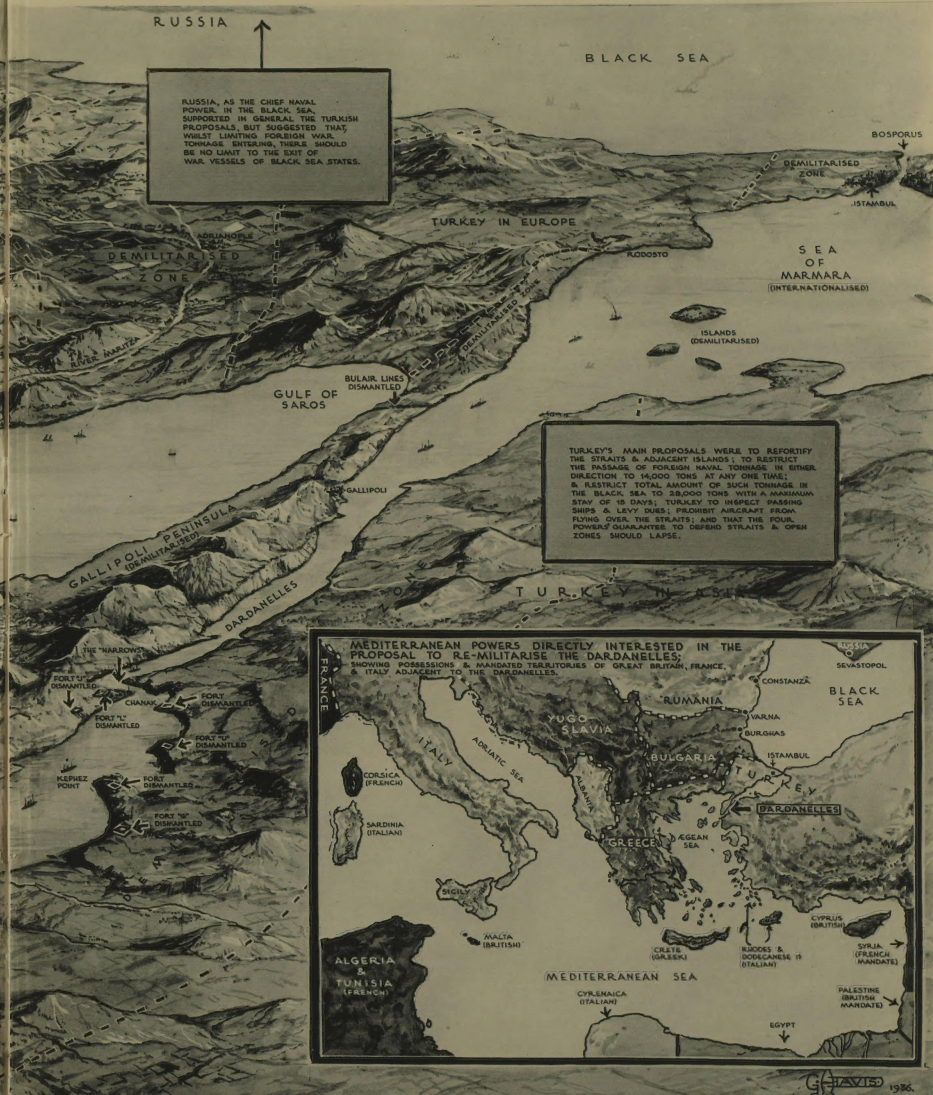
THE COMPLEX QUESTION OF REFORTIFYING THE STRAITS

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE KING



TURKEY'S PROPOSALS AND THE REACTIONS OF THE POWERS.

ASSISTANCE OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS



KNOTTY POINTS WHICH THE MONTREUX CONFERENCE HAS BEEN CALLED UPON TO SOLVE:
OF THE POWERS CONCERNED AND THEIR ATTITUDE TO

The Montreux Conference resumed its sittings after adjournment on July 6, by that time considerable progress having been made. The Conference was occasioned in the following way. In 1923 ten Powers signed the Treaty of Lausanne, of which the Straits Convention was part. This obliged Turkey to demilitarise the Dardanelles and certain islands guarding the waterway. In return, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan guaranteed the security of Turkey in the event of an attack upon her. In recent years the unsettled state of Europe, Japan's resignation from the League, and Italy's

defiance of it, convinced Turkey that the promises of help were illusory. She therefore, in the legal means at her disposal, asked for a revision of the Treaty so that she might be able to pass part of her defences. She also asked for the restriction of the passage of foreign and foreign aircraft. The main difficulty that arose at the resultant Conference was so much concern the reterritorying of the Straits as the suggestions which would be detrimental to the separate interests of the different Powers. In the panels of this contour map is shown how the Powers reacted to

A CONTOUR MAP OF THE DARDANELLES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS, SHOWING THE POSITIONS
TURKEY'S PROPOSALS REGARDING CONTROL OF THE STRAITS.

Turkey's proposals by themselves making suggestions in accordance with their own requirements. Russia, for instance, proposed that only a limited number of warships belonging to the Power, with no Black Sea coastline should be allowed to enter remaining in the Black Sea for a limited period. On the other hand, she suggested no restriction on the number of war vessels passing out, though agreeing to a limitation of the number passing out at a time; and justified this claim by the fact that she had naval bases on three seas. Japan naturally objected to this, while Rumania

feared being left in this land-locked sea with no chance of help from outside. Great Britain objected to the flying restrictions. France, though wishing to keep agreement with Italy, was to certain extent favourable to the British suggestion. Italy was not represented; but, like Britain, she carries on much trade through the Straits, no less than 2,500,000 tons of her ships having passed through last year, and she was thought to oppose the Turkish suggestion of inspection and dues on shipping. With so many conflicting interests, it may be judged how difficult a problem faced the Conference.

FOREIGN VICTORIES AT HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA: THE SUCCESS OF ZURICH; AND OTHER CREWS FROM OVERSEA.



THE ECLIPSE OF THE JAPANESE CREW IN THE SEMI-FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP AT HENLEY: ZURICH WINNING BY A MARGIN OF SIX LENGTHS AFTER GIVING A MAGNIFICENT EXHIBITION OF ROWING.



TWO AMERICAN CREWS IN THE FINAL OF THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP: TABOR ACADEMY, U.S.A., BEATING KENT SCHOOL, U.S.A., BY FOUR LENGTHS—A VIEW OF THE FINISH OF THE RACE.



THE SUMMER BEAUTY OF HENLEY REGATTA ON A FINE DAY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE; SHOWING ZURICH WINNING THE GRAND FROM LEANDER.



THE FINISH OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP FINAL: ZURICH ROWING CLUB BEATING LEANDER BY A LENGTH AND A QUARTER, AT THE SAME TIME PROVING THEMSELVES ONE OF THE FASTEST CREWS THAT HAVE EVER ROWED AT HENLEY.



TWO CAMBRIDGE CREWS CONTESTING THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' PLATE: FIRST TRINITY WINNING AGAINST CLARE BY TWO AND A HALF LENGTHS, AFTER A RACE IN WHICH THEY SWUNG WELL INTO THE STRONG HEAD-WIND.



E. RUFLE (ZURICH R.C.) (RIGHT) BEATS T. H. TYLER (THAMES R.C.) TO RETAIN THE DIAMOND SCULLS; THE FINALISTS AFTER THE RACE, WHICH RUFLE WON BY THREE LENGTHS, SCULLING MORE STEADILY AND WITH A STRONGER FINISH.

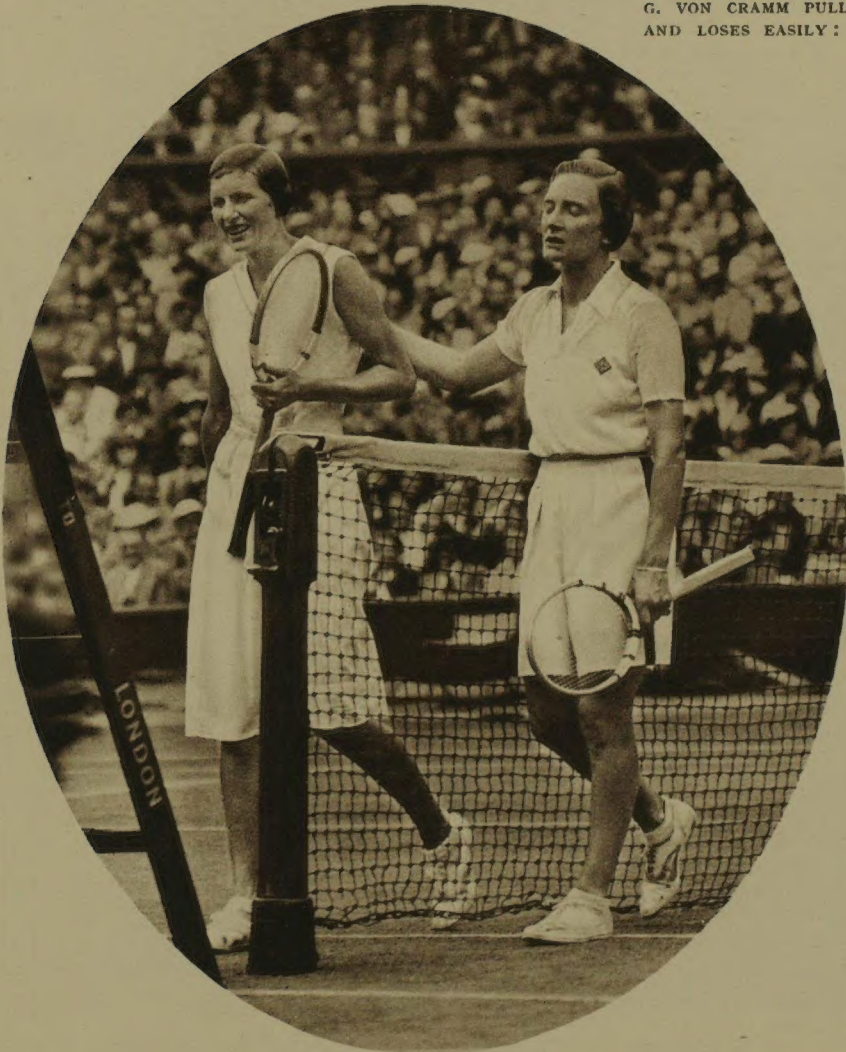
Henley Royal Regatta ended on July 4 with few successes for English rowing. The Zurich Rowing Club, after defeating the Tokyo Imperial University crew on July 3, beat the Leander Club in the final of the Grand Challenge Cup, proving themselves a crew of most exceptional speed. It was said that Leander were good enough to win most years, but that the Zurich eight was probably the very fastest that has won the Grand since the war. The Swiss also took the Stewards' Challenge Cup for fours, beating Leander in the final by two lengths. The Thames Challenge Cup and the Diamonds also went abroad. The former was won by

Tabor Academy, U.S.A., which beat Kingston in the semi-final, and Kent School, U.S.A., in the final; the latter was retained by the holder, E. Rufli, of Zurich, who was too good for T. H. Tyler (Thames R.C.). First Trinity, Cambridge, beat Clare College, Cambridge, in the Ladies' Challenge Plate; London R.C. ("B" crew) beat Reading R.C. in the Wyfold Challenge Cup; Jesus College, Cambridge, beat Oriel College, Oxford, in the final of the Visitors' Challenge Cup; and R. F. Offer and J. S. Offer (Kingston R.C.) won the Silver Goblets and Nickalls Challenge Cup. This was the extent of British victories.

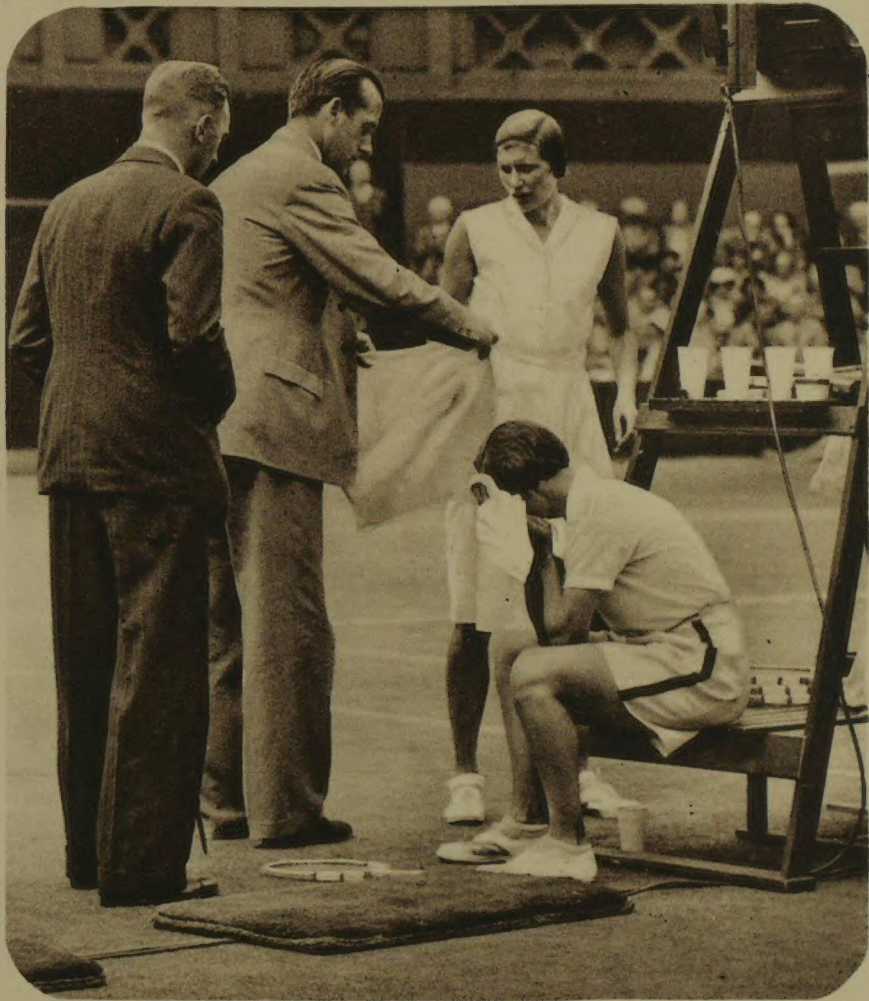
THE END OF WIMBLEDON: F. J. PERRY AND MISS JACOBS, THE CHAMPIONS.



G. VON CRAMM PULLS A MUSCLE AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS MATCH WITH F. J. PERRY IN THE FINAL, AND LOSES EASILY: THE WINNER (LEFT) HELPING HIS OPPONENT OFF THE COURT AFTER HIS VICTORY.



MISS HELEN JACOBS (RIGHT) AN EXHAUSTED WINNER AFTER HER GRUELLING MATCH WITH FRU SPERLING (FORMERLY FRÄULEIN HILDA KRAHWINKEL) IN THE WOMEN'S SINGLES FINAL: THE PLAYERS LEAVING THE COURT.



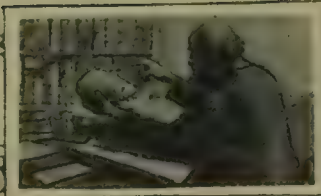
THE REWARD OF GREAT PERSISTENCE AND DETERMINATION: MISS JACOBS RESTING FOR A MOMENT AFTER HER EXACTING STRUGGLE WITH FRU SPERLING, WHICH AT LAST GAVE HER HER WIMBLEDON TITLE.

On July 3 F. J. Perry won his third successive Wimbledon Championship by beating G. von Cramm, of Germany, by 6-1, 6-1, 6-0. Every sympathy was felt for a gallant loser in that he pulled a muscle at the beginning of the match, and also for the winner, since he was forced, at the height of his form, to make a quick ending of an opponent who could not play his best. Perry's achievement is unexampled since the holder was made to play through at Wimbledon. On

July 4 Miss Helen Jacobs (U.S.A.), playing in her fifth final match in eight years, won her first Wimbledon Championship by beating Fru S. Sperling (Denmark) by 6-2, 4-6, 7-5. G. P. Hughes and C. R. D. Tuckey (G.B.) won the Men's Doubles; Miss F. James and Miss K. E. Stammers (G.B.) won the Women's Doubles; and F. J. Perry and Miss D. E. Round (G.B.) won the Mixed Doubles; so that Great Britain took four of the five events.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME PLANT-BUGS, AND THEIR AMAZING SHAPES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

SINCE the days of Darwin, one of the great problems of evolution has been the interpretation of the coloration of animals and plants, often associated with bizarre shapes. These are aspects of Nature which are very subtle and very complex. The least curious among us cannot help asking why are some birds or fishes or

Arctic hare or fox, which, during the winter months, turn snow-white. The ptarmigan, willow-grouse, and Arctic hare are thus assured protection against the attacks of snowy owls and Arctic foxes. It is never, of course, in either case, an absolute protection, but it affords both hunted and hunter a fairly even chance of avoiding one another, till chance betrays them.

Protective coloration, however, takes many forms, though some naturalists will have none of it. And, in face of the evidence which has been produced in its support, this scepticism is inexplicable. The more so, indeed, because these objectors freely agree that "protective coloration," like "warning coloration," holds unquestionably in regard to the lower, invertebrate types. These irreconcilables are almost invariably big-game hunters. Nevertheless, even among big-game hunters we find whole-hearted supporters of "protective coloration."

How far animals of any kind are conscious of the mantle of invisibility they wear, we cannot say with any measure of certainty. But there are some very remarkable cases wherein the behaviour of the wearer seems to indicate a certain sense of "awareness" of the importance of disguise. There are spider-crabs, for instance, wherein the back of the shell is studded with small hooks, and to these the animal very deliberately attaches pieces of seaweed, making itself invisible. If one of these is stripped off its disguise and the fragments of the weed are thrown back to it, immediately it will proceed to replace them. It seems difficult to believe that this behaviour is not, in some sort, evidence of intelligence. Extraneous matter, again, is used in disguise, and protects the body in many cases among the insects. The singular cases formed by caddis-worms afford striking examples of this kind. Even more singular are the strange vagaries of shape displayed by many insects, whereby they become most effectually disguised, so as to enable them either to escape their enemies or to steal unawares on their prey. The mantises and "stick-insects" afford striking examples, wherein some have become rod-shaped, with long, slender legs, while in others (in the mantises) leaf-like expansions grow out from the wing-cases and limbs.

But the most astonishing cases of disguises of this kind are surely to be found among certain of the *Homoptera* known as the *Membracidae*, or "plant-bugs"—small insects allied to the cicadas and to our little "cuckoo-spit" or "frog-hoppers." Vast as is the number and range of shape presented by the insects, there is no group which, so to speak, indulges in such extravagant forms as these *Membracidae*. In the larval stage, some have the upper part of the body, as it were, inflated, to form an upstanding crest, with leaf-like expansions growing out from the uppermost joint of the legs; others have the back produced into a leaf-like expansion, closely resem-

bling the fragments of leaves carried by the sauba-ants, in long processions, to their nests to make "fungus-gardens." As the ants are unpalatable to most other animals as food, this disguise is very effective. *Euchenopa lanceolata* (Fig. 2, bottom) has the "pro-notum," or fore-part of the thorax, produced upwards into a great cone, and backwards over the abdomen as a "cover-plate." Much more



1. ASTONISHING INSECT DISGUISES: (TOP) AN ADULT *Sphongophorus dorsalis* (BOLIVIA); WITH THE COVER-PLATE PROJECTING LIKE TWO LICHEN-COVERED THORNS; (MIDDLE) AN ADULT *Heteronotus inermis* (RIO DE JANEIRO); WHERE THE COVER-PLATE PROJECTS BACKWARDS OVER THE BODY, GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF AN ANT; AND (BOTTOM) AN ADULT *Polyglypta bogotensis* (COLOMBIA), RESEMBLING A SEED. (ALL ENLARGED.)

insects so gorgeously coloured, while others, such as our skylark, or so many moths and beetles, present no outstanding features in this regard. When we come to survey the evidence as a whole, we find that, as a general rule, conspicuously bright coloration begins to make its first appearance in the male, on the back or wings or on the head. And when we are examining a group such as the kingfishers, containing many genera and species, we find that they "split up" into several distinct types—a black and white, a green and white, or green and blue, or red; while some still retain what is clearly the ancestral coloration of "drab" hues. Our own kingfisher has gone consistently onwards, until male, female, and young are all alike, and brilliantly coloured.

The course of this evolution of coloration in the direction of "splendour" has probably been gradual, starting by an intensification of the pigments in the males. In our common house-sparrow, for example, the male very certainly exhibits an advance towards "splendour" that is wanting in his male. Their offspring, furthermore, resemble the female in coloration. But in the tree-sparrow we find a sudden transformation, for both sexes and the young are identical and "resplendent" in coloration. In our common starling, the adult male and female are alike, but the young wear a distinct livery, and of a dull, clove-coloured brown.

Here we have what seem to be no more than a number of "facts," interesting but evasive. For at present we seem unable to assign any reason for these changes. At most we can but regard them as indicating no more than a "diathesis," developed late in the history of the species, in the direction of an increased intensity of pigmentation.

We have another aspect of this theme in what is known as "protective coloration." Herein the body comes to assume so close a general resemblance to its surroundings as to clothe it with a "mantle of invisibility," at any rate so long as the creature thus clothed is at rest. Any movement would at once betray it. The sitting partridge, hen-pheasant, or snipe are familiar examples of this kind. Their coloration is such as to blend in a most confusing way with the vegetation amid which the sitting bird is crouching. And we have further confirmation of the "usefulness" and the profound importance of this "concealing" type of coloration in the fact that the plumage, or the pelage, may undergo a very striking "seasonal" change, as in the ptarmigan and willow-grouse, or the



3. (TOP) AN ADULT *Cyphonia clavigera* (BRAZIL); WITH A COVER-PLATE IN THE FORM OF A SPHERE, BEARING A PROJECTING STALK AND THREE ACCESSORY SPHERES; AND (BELOW) AN ADULT *Eda frondosa*, ALMOST TRANSPARENT, SIMULATING THE EMPTY COCOON OF A MOTH. (BOTH ENLARGED.)

Of the 260,000 species of insects hitherto described, 18,000 are *Homoptera*, and of these some 2000 species belong to the *Membracidae*, discussed on this page. The largest do not exceed 2 in. across the expanded wings. The *Homoptera*, more than any other insects, are vitally associated with the welfare of the human race. If their natural enemies were removed, man's starvation would inevitably follow from the destruction of all vegetation.



2. (TOP) THE LARVA OF *Xerophyllum servillei* (OLD CALABAR); WITH A LEAF-LIKE PLATE ON THE BACK AND LEAF-LIKE EXPANSIONS ON THE LEGS; (MIDDLE) A LARVA OF *Membracis continua* (AMAZON), WHEREIN A LEAF-LIKE PLATE PROJECTING OVER THE BODY GIVES THE APPEARANCE OF THE UNPALATABLE SAUBA-ANT BEARING A LEAF TO ITS NEST FOR FUNGUS-MAKING; AND (BOTTOM) AN ADULT *Euchenopa lanceolata* (COLOMBIA), RESEMBLING A THORN. (ALL ENLARGED.)

exaggerated forms of this cover-plate are seen in *Sphongophorus* and *Heteronotus* (Fig. 1, top and middle). In the first-named, this backward extension of the "cover-plate," which overhangs the abdomen, bears two strange, upstanding, and irregular outgrowths, which, from their coloration, give the creature a close resemblance to a piece of lichen. But perhaps the most remarkable of all is *Heteronotus inermis*, which, when seen from above, gives the creature a close likeness to an ant; while in *Polyglypta bogotensis* (Fig. 1, bottom) this cover-plate has assumed the form of a seed.

I have selected only a few from hundreds of variations on this theme, and am puzzled as to what interpretation is to be given to them. They seem to illustrate "variation run mad"! They can hardly be explained as due to "environmental" influences, but seem, as I suggest, rather to be so many idiosyncrasies of growth inherent in the tissues which make up the fore-part of the roof of the thorax, the segment of the body immediately behind the head, to form this strange "cover-plate," found in no other insects. Again I ask, what possible agency could have fermented these apparently inconsequent vagaries of growth, though consistently symmetrical? They seem, so to speak, to have revelled in a positive orgy of "ringing the changes." Sir Arthur Woodward, than whom there is no greater authority, suggested long ago, in regard to the bizarre forms presented by some fossil reptiles, that these strange excrescences and exaggerations of growth are to be interpreted as the outward and visible sign of the impending "flare-up" of the "Lamp of Life," preceding extinction. The orderly sequences of growth having fulfilled themselves, the material normally used in sustaining these is expended in an orgy of "ornamentation," till at last the process can no further go. Some may contend that these strange ebullitions are due to the effects of "environment." This view, however, is untenable.



LONDON PRIDE REVEALED BY PHOTOMICROGRAPHY: A WONDERFUL RESULT, SHOWING THE DETAIL IN ITS TINY BLOOMS, WHICH IN NATURE ARE ONLY A QUARTER OR THREE-EIGHTHS OF AN INCH ACROSS, AS SEEN IN THE SMALL PHOTOGRAPH (INSET, LEFT).

The amazing results of photographic enlargement, in revealing detail of small objects in nature, are beautifully exemplified in this low-power photomicrograph of London Pride, especially when it is compared with the small photograph (inset, left) which depicts the flower natural size. In a note on his work, Mr. David Charles writes: "Seen in masses every spring in every London garden, this tiny flower well earns its popular name. Always pleasantly bright, with its delicate pink and cream on white petals, standing sprightly high above the dark leaves, it seems to reflect the

cheeky optimism so characteristic of Cockney London. Originally an emigrant from the mountains of Killarney, it was once crudely called 'St. Patrick's Cabbage.' In the peculiar dog-Latin of the botanist the name is '*Saxifraga umbrosa*.' One of the humblest of garden flowers, with blooms but a quarter or three-eighths of an inch across, its peculiar charm yet has earned it the name of 'Painter's Despair.' Even in photography, to picture it on this scale is a technical triumph." Another popular name by which London Pride has sometimes been known is None-so-Pretty.

PHOTOMICROGRAPH BY DAVID CHARLES, A.R.P.S.

A BRITISH SOLDIER KILLED IN PALESTINE.



THE FUNERAL OF A BRITISH N.C.O. KILLED IN ACTION IN PALESTINE: THE COFFIN OF THE LATE JAMES HANTER BEING CARRIED TO THE CEMETERY BY MEN OF HIS REGIMENT, THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.



THE BURIAL SERVICE AT THE OPEN GRAVE OF LANCE-CORPORAL JAMES HANTER AT THE WAR CEMETERY AT RAMLEH: THE CHAPLAIN OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN PALESTINE CONDUCTING THE SERVICE.



MEN OF THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS FIRING A VOLLEY AT THE BURIAL OF LANCE-CORPORAL HANTER; WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS ON THE RIGHT: A FINAL MARK OF RESPECT TO THE DEAD MAN.

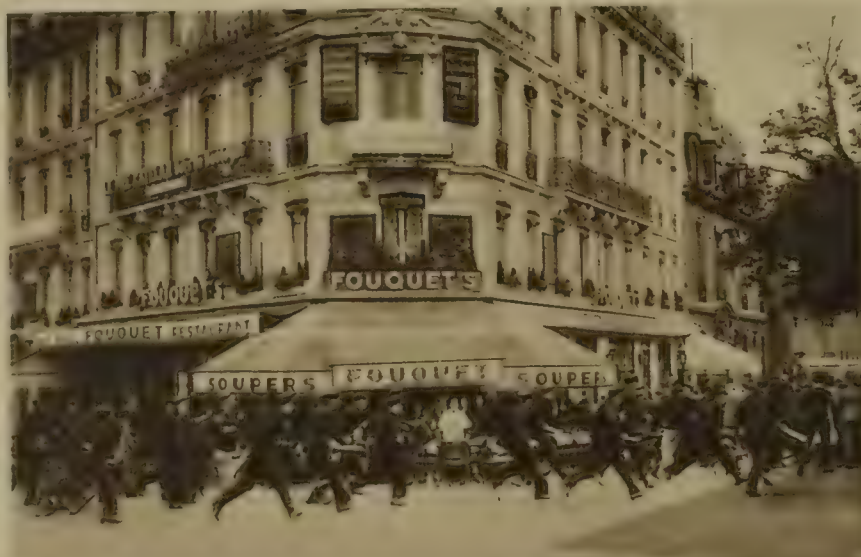
A Seaforth Highlander, Lance-Corporal James Hanter, was fatally wounded in an engagement with Arabs in the Nablus area of northern Palestine on June 25. Six Arabs were killed in the fighting. The Seaforths were sent into action when firing was heard near Kafr Lubban, about half-way between Nablus and Jerusalem. Aeroplanes patrolling the road informed headquarters that they were keeping an armed band in sight. Troops were hurried from Nablus and armoured cars came to the scene from Jerusalem. The Arabs split into two bodies, and the troops did likewise, pursuing them. In the running fight that ensued Lance-Corporal Hanter was badly hit and afterwards died. Both forces of Arabs were cornered and dispersed. Hanter's funeral was held the following day at the war cemetery at Ramleh. Three Scottish Regiments were represented—the 1st Battalion The Seaforth Highlanders, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and the 2nd Battalion The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. On June 26 another soldier was killed, making the fourth fatal British casualty since the trouble began in April. One of the killed was a policeman and three were soldiers.

A FASCIST RIOT IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

Violent street fighting took place in the Avenue des Champs Élysées on the evening of July 5. A number of rioters and police were injured and thirty arrests were made before order was restored. The trouble began after an ex-soldiers' association had made its annual pilgrimage to the Unknown Soldier's Tomb at the Arc de Triomphe. Members of the dissolved semi-Fascist League, the Croix de Feu, were present in strength, and their attitude became so threatening that the police attempted to disperse them. Free fights took place all round the Arc de Triomphe and at the top of the Champs Élysées. The rioters seized missiles from nearby restaurants and cafés, hurling chairs, siphons and glasses at the police. Reinforcements amounting to forty platoons of Gardes Mobiles were hurried to the scene, but the fighting went on for an hour and a half. Among the demonstrators was a large number of young women, some of whom were among the injured. Wounded were afterwards given attention in the rooms of Fouquet's restaurant, the offices of the newspaper "Le Jour," and in hospital.



THE DISSOLVED FASCIST LEAGUE, THE CROIX DE FEU, IN A CLASH WITH THE POLICE IN PARIS: RIOTERS USING CHAIRS, SIPHONS, AND GLASSES FROM FOUQUET'S CAFÉ AS MISSILES AGAINST GARDES MOBILES.



A STRONG FORCE OF POLICE CHARGING THE DEMONSTRATORS OUTSIDE FOUQUET'S CAFÉ IN THE AVENUE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES: STREET FIGHTING IN WHICH MANY WERE INJURED, INCLUDING SEVERAL WOMEN.



POLICE COMING TO GRIPS WITH FASCIST DEMONSTRATORS: A FREE FIGHT RAGING OUTSIDE FOUQUET'S—ONE OF SEVERAL THAT OCCURRED IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

PICKING UP AND DROPPING MESSAGES: THE R.A.F. AT WORK IN PALESTINE.



AN R.A.F. RECONNAISSANCE MACHINE IN PALESTINE PICKING UP A MESSAGE FROM A SECTION OF ARMoured CARS BY MEANS OF A GRAPNEL WHICH HOOKS A LOOP OF CORD SUSPENDED BETWEEN TWO LIGHT UPRIGHTS (LEFT) AND HOLDING A CONTAINER: AN ALTERNATIVE TO WIRELESS COMMUNICATION.



ONE OF THE METHODS IN WHICH THE ROYAL AIR FORCE IS CO-OPERATING WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN PALESTINE: A RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT ARRIVING WITH INFORMATION FOR AN ARMoured-CAR SECTION NEAR THE TRANSJORDAN FRONTIER—A MESSAGE BEING DROPPED FROM THE MACHINE.

In recent weeks the Royal Air Force has played an important part in the attempt to maintain order in Palestine. Besides co-operating with the troops in engagements with armed Arabs in ambush, aircraft have proved of great value in carrying out reconnaissance work. These photographs show work of a type demonstrated at the recent Hendon Display. It was described in the programme as follows: "In some circumstances it may be either impossible or inadvisable

in operations to use wireless for inter-communication, and one of the alternatives is for aircraft to pick up and drop messages. A message to be picked up is placed in a small bag and attached to a loop of cord suspended between two light uprights; and an aircraft is then flown low over the uprights so that a grapnel hooks the cord. Replies to messages picked up in this way are dropped in message bags. In operations this duty is performed by single aircraft."

RECONSTITUTED FROM OVER 200 FRAGMENTS: AN IVORY

By THOMAS LEWIS SCHAR, PROFESSOR OF CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.



1. SOME OF THE FRAGMENTS (EVENTUALLY TOTALLING OVER 200) FROM WHICH THE NEWLY DISCOVERED STATUETTE OF APOLLO WAS PIECED TOGETHER: THE FIRST GROUP RECOVERED FROM MUD IN A 50-FT. WELL IN THE AGORA, INCLUDING THE HEAD AND (IN CENTRE BELOW) AN IVORY BASE THAT SUPPORTED A COLUMN BEHIND THE FIGURE.



2. A TYPE OF STATUE IDENTIFIED FROM LUCIAN'S DESCRIPTION AS THE APOLLO LYKEIOS: THE NEWLY FOUND IVORY FIGURE RECONSTITUTED FROM 200 FRAGMENTS. (11 1/2 IN. HIGH.)

It is a rare and notable event when a masterpiece of ancient Greek sculpture is resurrected from a burial of some two thousand years. For many decades archaeological research has been conducted almost continuously on Greek sites, but few statues have been recovered, preserved in any large measure, that can be attributed directly or indirectly to any of the noted artists. A particularly happy fortune has, therefore, befallen the American excavators of the Athenian Agora in the discovery of a work that presents in exquisite form one of the famous statues of Athens. During the sixth campaign (just completed) of excavation in the Agora, conducted by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, the plateau south of the Thesaurus was cleared of earth down to bed-rock. Many wells and cisterns were found cut in the rock, and in one well at a depth of 50 ft. pieces of an ivory statuette appeared in the mud. The first group of pieces (Fig. 1) included the head, an arm, and a leg, from which it was immediately apparent that a work of the finest quality was being secured. Continued digging of the well and sifting and re-sifting of the earth from it resulted in the discovery of additional fragments until the total exceeded 200. The surface of the ivory was preserved in excellent condition and all pieces of the surface were eventually fitted into their original positions. It was thus possible with great care and patience to reconstitute the figure as a nearly complete whole, with the lack of only two fingers, part of the stomach, and bits of the right leg. The statuette as it now appears, with missing parts restored with beeswax, is shown in Figs. 2, 3, and 4. The figure represents a man, and is 11 1/2 inches high. He is standing with his weight on the right leg and with the left knee slightly bent. The right arm is raised above the head with the wrist resting on the top of the head. The left arm is extended and the fingers are bent, indicating that some object was held in the hand. The left arm was made of a separate piece of ivory and was attached to the upper arm by a dowel. Otherwise the figure was carved from a single piece of ivory. The hair is arranged distinctively with a narrow double lock crowning the

(Continued above on right)



3. THE BACK OF THE STATUETTE OF APOLLO, WHICH MAY HAVE TOUCHED A COLUMN AGAINST WHICH IT LEANED (ACCORDING TO LUCIAN) AT A POINT ON THE LEFT SHOULDER.

STATUETTE ATTRIBUTED TO PRAXITELES FOUND AT ATHENS.

FIRST DIRECTOR, AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ATHENS; DIRECTOR OF THE AGORA EXCAVATIONS.

central parting. The figure thus portrays the type of statue identified as the Apollo Lykeios from a description given by Lucian, which accords with the appearance of a miniature statue on some Athenian tetradrachmas. When referring to the Lyceum of Athens, which contained a gymnasium, a drill ground, a philosophical school, and a sanctuary of Apollo, Lucian describes the statue of the god as leaning against a column, holding a bow in the left hand and with the right placed on his head as if he were resting after long effort. No pieces of a bow were found, and the left hand shows no traces of metal stain. Either the bow was made of thin pieces of ivory which have not been recovered, or it was a gold bow that has disappeared. Remains are also lacking of the adjoining column, except a small ivory base, shown at the bottom of Fig. 1, carefully made in the same technique as that of the statue, and associated with it. A small spot, in the back of the left shoulder of the figure, may indicate where it touched the column. Lucian does not mention the name of the sculptor who made the statue, but that it was a famous work is proved by its use on Athenian New Style coins and by the many copies of it made in Roman times. On considerations of style it has been attributed to Praxiteles or to his immediate circle. The ivory statuette abundantly confirms this attribution. The head is very similar to that of the Aphrodite of Knidos in all essential characteristics, such as the treatment of the hair, the fullness of the cheeks, the triangular shape of the forehead, the sharp cutting of the eyelids, the form of the lips and the rounded contour of the chin; but the Apollo, excelling in technique any preserved copy of the Aphrodite, permits us to appreciate more fully Lucian's praise of the hair, the forehead, and the finely pencilled eyebrows of the Cnidian goddess. The body of the Apollo, too, attracts to itself the many eulogies showered on the Hermes of Olympia. The masterly delineation of the muscles in soft and flowing lines, the balance of the pose, the rhythm of the members, the largeness of conception coupled with infinite care in rendering details, such as the fingers and toes, are all unmistakable characteristics of the style of Praxiteles. We have no record that Praxiteles ever worked with ivory, but we know from accounts of famous gold and ivory statues that the great sculptors of Greece were familiar with this technique. May we not, therefore, conjecture that Praxiteles, commissioned in his old age to make a statue for the newly-erected temple of Apollo Patros, produced this exquisite ivory replica of the statue of Apollo which he had previously made for the Lyceum?



4. SHOWING "UNMISTAKABLE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE STYLE OF PRAXITELES." THE NEWLY DISCOVERED IVORY STATUETTE OF APOLLO, "EXCELLING IN TECHNIQUE ANY PRESERVED COPY" OF THAT SCULPTOR'S FAMOUS STATUE, THE APHRODITE OF KNIDOS, AND PROBABLY A REPLICA BY HIM OF HIS STATUE OF APOLLO FOR THE LYCEUM AT ATHENS. (NEARLY ACTUAL SIZE.)

A DESERT "MENAGERIE" OF PETS AT A LONELY KENYA OUTPOST: WAIFS ADOPTED BY BRITISH OFFICERS.



A LEOPARD CUB AND KEEPER: ONE OF THE PETS KEPT BY BRITISH OFFICERS STATIONED AT WAJIR, IN NORTH KENYA.



A FRAIL YOUNG DIK-DIK: A MINIATURE ANTELOPE BARELY TOPPING THE ANKLES OF ITS GUARDIAN.



AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN PETS: "MIDAS," A GOLDEN RETRIEVER, PUZZLED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A BABY DIK-DIK.



THREE MISCHIEVOUS-LOOKING LITTLE CREATURES: CHEETAH CUBS, WHOSE SHRILL CRIES COULD BE HEARD FOR A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE WHEN THEY WERE CALLED TO FACE THE CAMERA.



HANDSOMER THAN ANY KITTEN: KIKI, A YOUNG SHE-LEOPARD, REPOSING IN AN ATTITUDE OF QUEENLY, FELINE GRACE—OR, POSSIBLY, CAMERA-CONSCIOUS!



ANOTHER HANDSOME FELINE—ANYTHING BUT KITTENISH, HOWEVER: A BABY CARACAL (OR WILD CAT) WITH FUR FINER THAN A LEOPARD'S, BUT QUITE UNTAMABLE.



A LEOPARD CUB WITH A YOUNG GERENUK, A GIRAFFE-LIKE GAZELLE OF THE DESERT: A COUPLE RARELY SEEN TOGETHER ON GOOD TERMS!



A GROUP OF YOUNG OSTRICHES: DROLL PETS LOOKING AS THOUGH THEY HAD BEEN MADE FROM A RAG-BAG'S CONTENTS AND STUFFED!



A YOUNG, SEMI-WILD WATERBUCK ON THE BANKS OF THE NORTHERN OUYASO NYIR RIVER, WHICH FLOWS INTO THE LORIAN SWAMP.

A correspondent, sending us these photographs from the Northern Frontier Province of Kenya, writes: "Although the country consists of desolate thorn scrub desert, it supports a variety of wild life; and the nomadic tribesmen frequently bring in the young animals they find in the bush to be adopted as pets." With regard to the animals themselves, our readers will probably feel most

curiosity about the Dik-dik, of which there are two main types, one with a rather long and trunk-like nose, and another with a normal muzzle. All are distinguished by a tuft of hair on the crown of the head, and by the very beautiful horns of the bucks. The full-grown animals stand a little over a foot at the shoulder. The Caracal is a creature of great strength and ferocity.

THE GIANT FOREST HOG—EXPECTED AT THE "ZOO" FOR THE FIRST TIME.



THE LARGEST OF THE PIGS, UNKNOWN TO EUROPEANS TILL EARLY THIS CENTURY, AND NEVER HITHERTO SEEN IN ENGLAND: THE GIANT FOREST HOG (*HYLOCHOERUS MEINERTZHAGENI*)—TWO SPECIMENS CAUGHT IN KENYA, LYING IN THEIR PIT.



TYPICAL HOG COUNTRY, WITH UNDERGROWTH INTO WHICH THE ANIMAL RETIRES WHEN PURSUED: HAUNTS OF AN ELUSIVE SPECIES FOUND, ALWAYS IN THE DENSEST FOREST, ON MT. KENYA AND THE ABERDARE MOUNTAINS.



"IN A WILD STATE GIANT HOGS . . . BROWSE ON THE MOIST LEAVES OF SEVERAL FOREST PLANTS, AMONG THEM A CERTAIN CREEPER": NATURAL FOOD OF AFRICAN ANIMALS OF WHICH THE "ZOO" HOPES TO RECEIVE ITS FIRST SPECIMEN SOON.

THE first Giant Forest Hog to appear in captivity in England is expected at the "Zoo" this summer or early autumn. It is one of two young males recently captured in Kenya by Mr. K. C. Gandar Dower. Writing in "The Times," he says: "The giant forest hog was the last to be discovered of all the great beasts of Central Africa. Even in 1902 . . . this immense pig was still unknown. . . . Two years passed before Colonel Meinertzhagen was able to prove its existence. . . . It may be found on the slopes of Mt. Kenya and the Aberdares between the 7000 ft. and 10,000 ft. levels, always in the very densest forest." Attempts to capture a specimen with native trackers, dogs and nets, were frustrated by the hog's tactics of retreating into the thickest undergrowth. Success came at last by using loop-snares, by the Game Warden's permission. "Our hog (says Mr. Dower) displayed a remarkable sanity and contentment in captivity. . . . He fed immediately and never lost condition. He displayed little fear of man. . . . In a wild state giant hogs do not eat roots. They browse on the moist leaves of several forest plants, among them a certain creeper which was common near our camp."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY K. C. GANDAR DOWER.

THE CINDERELLA OF AFRICA.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"THE GENTLE SAVAGE": By RICHARD WYNDHAM.*

(PUBLISHED BY CASSELL.)

THE late Mr. G. K. Chesterton consistently maintained that travel narrows the mind. He would have made an exception, however, in favour of Mr. Wyndham's original version of the *Wanderlust*. "Before I die I should like to make a tour of the world, visiting only places, however inaccessible, that I had previously selected by throwing darts at Mercator's Projection. True, I should probably miss the Taj Mahal and Niagara Falls; but, to offset this, I should also miss the people who visit them. I should see the world as it is." As a beginning, Mr. Wyndham threw a dart at Tonj, an obscure spot in that part of the Southern Sudan (the Bahr-el-Ghazal) which is known as "The Bog"—an equatorial tract of evil reputation, "ugly, fever-stricken, and a pauper... the Cinderella of the Sudan. But it is a Cinderella that has no Fairy Godmother, no hope of a princely lover." Yet a Cinderella whom this seeker "found a Sleeping Beauty."

In "The Bog" awaited Mr. Wyndham's old brother-in-arms, the District Commissioner, known to the Dinkas and to the readers of this book as "Aginejok." Every autumn, returning from leave, Aginejok had said: "Why not come and stay with me, old boy? You'll see some wonderful models." One "Black Monday," by way of exorcising a fit of the blues, Mr. Wyndham impulsively accepted Aginejok's invitation, and within a week was setting forth from Khartoum on the first stage of a journey to the very Heart of Darkness. Down the Nile to Malakal by paddle-steamer, and then in a "cockle-shell" through the floating *sud* of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, half-river and half-swamp, to Meshra 'er Req, where Africa and Aginejok took him to their bosom. Hardly had he arrived when he was taken out to hunt elephant—with a camera. He went "on trek" by motor-lorry, and highly commends this

sink back in your chair with the knowledge that there is no necessity to lift one finger to aid luxury, for, whatever your needs, no muscular exertion is needed except to open your mouth and shout "Boy-hee!"

Despite these amenities and the prim reminders of civilisation in sophisticated places like Wau, this was an utterly *primæval* world, both in its setting and its people.



DINKA CHIEFS: A GROUP OF SUDANESE TRIBAL LEADERS, WITH CURIOUS CONICAL HATS SUGGESTING BEARSKINS.

The Dinka "models," men and women, were even more magnificent than Aginejok had promised, and Mr. Wyndham writes lyrically of the extraordinary physical beauty of these savages. When at last he reached his goal, Tonj, he settled down in solitude to paint these rare human specimens, who, however, did not submit meekly to the process; indeed, Aneege the gentle and Rafa the shrew ("she was a terror!") could not be induced to serve the purposes of art until they had been formally purchased as "wives." Some of Mr. Wyndham's best pages are those which describe his "dream-life" at Tonj—made more phantasmagoric by malaria. When the time came to wake from his trance, flooded and impassable roads made it impossible for him to rejoin Aginejok, and he took the long southward trek to Yambio, and then eastward through Amadi to the main Juba road. Here he travelled through the country of the Azande, savages who have not yet entirely emerged from cannibalism, as primitive as any people on earth, and with little of the physical endowments of the Dinkas; friendly enough, however, and attractive in their simplicity, despite their reputation as "incorrigible rogues" among their white rulers. Mr. Wyndham left them, with regret, for the hot-house artificiality of Juba, whence Imperial Airways brought him back to a world so different from that which he had left that he must have found it difficult to believe that the two could co-exist on the same planet.

Mr. Wyndham disclaims any merit of exploit or adventure for his enterprising journey; yet for the reader he has made it more alive with excitement and interest than books of more ambitious exploration. It is a long time since we read a "travel-book" so wholly absorbing and so packed with matter in small compass. Mr. Wyndham is, by craft, a painter, but in this volume he shows himself to be a writer of exceptional accomplishment. He possesses not only lively observation, wit, and phrase, but an extraordinary capacity for conveying the atmosphere of his physical surroundings. He has caught exactly the moods of inmost Africa, and we wish we had space to quote from many extraordinarily effective passages in which he conveys the impression of the Tropics as a world now utterly still and dead, now all dark and dripping, and now so torrid that Mr. Wyndham can describe it only in this homely simile: "I have sometimes tried to cook in my studio, and conversation has intervened. The bottom of my frying-pan is the nearest image I can find for this charred landscape, which reeked of stale smoke as it lay cracking under the sun." No less vivid are the persons, white and black, whom we encounter, and Mr. Wyndham depicts with equal skill, and with most entertaining contrast, the social customs of the children of civilisation and the children of nature in this hidden corner of earth. There is, perhaps, a little good-natured satire in the juxtaposition of his two chapters describing Jubilee Day at Tonj: a wild, orgiastic Dinka festival in the morning, and a social gathering of the Whites in the evening, with baby-cinema, gramophone, champagne, bridge, "shop," whisky and song. Mr. Wyndham threw himself with spirit into both, but we suspect that, on the whole, he preferred the earlier celebration! It was as primitively animal a spectacle as could be beheld on earth, but there was extraordinary, elemental drama in it.

"Their bodies were rhythm—a rhythm that was insistent, logical, yet as flowering as a Bach fugue; a rhythm that beat through the earth and the air—now broken, now syncopated, now endlessly monotonous like the wheels of a train. The drum (surely played by no hand) seemed to come from the very hearts of the dancers themselves, as it fought, first for, then against, the improvised voices—

voices that shouted triumphantly of battle, gloried over death—a tortured death; or, in their lewdness, expressed the sexual desires of the whole world; voices that sang softly a love-song—a psalm, that hung like a diaphanous veil, obscuring for a moment the horror that had gone before; only to be torn by the scream of a girl." At night, there was another song that clutched the heart. Suddenly poor old "Jameson," amid the festive hubbub, offered to sing—Jameson, the derelict and failure, for ever shouting down his inferiority complex: fuddled Jameson, married to a consumptive black wife, spiting the world which had rejected him, "one of the most entertaining, and, at times, one of the most boring white men in Central Africa." "He sat up very stiffly in his chair, and half-closed his eyes; but for once he was not acting. The lamp shining on his thick white hair turned it a pale gold; his face softened, and he looked like a young boy. He had a voice of enchanting beauty." And he sang "So we'll go no more a-roving," stilling all that revelling company to wonder and to shyness. Jameson, as Mr. Wyndham deftly shows him, is as living as somebody out of Conrad.

Excellent writer though he is, it is the pictorial artist in Mr. Wyndham which—as we should expect—predominates; and that is why the chief impression left by this book

(Continued on page 88)



"ZANDE WOODEN SCULPTURE": ONE AMONG A NUMBER OF SUDANESE CARVINGS OF UNIQUE INTEREST—POSSIBLY A PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH DOCTOR.

"Rising out of the jungle—eighteen feet high—stood a carved wooden figure, the hands clasped above the head. . . . There are some twenty of these Zande wood-carvings. Nowhere else can they be seen. . . . The origin of these statues is unusual, and it is this that makes them more interesting than the familiar Indian totem-pole, or West African negroid carving; for these Yubu figures have no religious significance. . . . They have been carved at the request of successive white men. . . . Some are probably intended to be portraits of doctors who are 'practising' peacefully in England to-day. . . . Had I been able to transport it, I could have acquired a masterpiece 18 ft. high for a packet of salt."

form of travel for its *confort moderne*. "Along every track there are mud and thatch rest-houses at intervals of eight miles. You are free to stop when you like, and for as long as you like. And, whatever place you choose, you will find all your belongings there, just as you left them the night before, a hundred miles away. You can

* "The Gentle Savage: A Sudanese Journey in the Province of Bahr-el-Ghazal, Commonly Called 'The Bog.'" By Richard Wyndham. With a Frontispiece in Colour, and forty-eight Reproductions of Photographs by the Author, and a Map. (Cassell and Co.; 12s. 6d.)



"RAIK DINKAS OF THE BOG": TYPES OF A SUDANESE TRIBE REMARKABLE FOR PHYSICAL BEAUTY—FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLOURED FRONTISPICE TO "THE GENTLE SAVAGE."

"As regards ornaments, coiffure, and maquillage, these people have original ideas. A man's face may be bright red ochre, a pallid green, or dead white. He may cover his whole body with ash, or leave it black. . . . The women are less ornate. . . . The most popular method [of hair-dressing] is to dye it an orange-brown. . . . Round the waist there may be a broad corsage of bright green beads, a narrow strip of leopard skin, a single thread of cowrie shells, or a piece of rope."

Illustrations on this Page Reproduced from "The Gentle Savage." By Richard Wyndham. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co.



"PORTRAIT DE PETITE FILLE"—BY RENOIR.

A WORK PAINTED BY THE ARTIST IN 1864, YEARS BEFORE HE BECAME A LEADER OF THE IMPRESSIONISTS.

This portrait by Firmin Auguste Renoir (1841-1919) is of more than usual interest at the moment, for paintings of its type and period are very much the vogue. It is representative of the artist in the earlier days of his career, those days which followed his paintings on china, fans and blinds, and his entry into the studio of Gleyre, where he met Monet and Sisley. In 1864 Renoir was at Barbizon and there he was commissioned to make the portrait with which we

are concerned: his patrons were a family on holiday in the village. It shows Romance Lacaux, afterwards Mme. Estrade. In his early work, Renoir "followed, with pronounced modern modifications, certain traditions of the French 18th-century school. In the work of a later period colour was made subservient to form under the influence of Ingres. . . . In the '70s he threw himself into the Impressionist movement." We quote the "Britannica."

MME. BARRET-DECAP COLLECTION. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"LE BALLET"—BY EDGAR DEGAS.

In his notable survey, "The French Masters," Mr. Horace Shipp wrote a while ago of Degas after he had ceased to be an historical painter represented in the Salon by a pastel of "War in the Middle Ages": "Contemporary life was calling him, and when he met Manet and the other rebel spirits he turned away from these unreal subjects and started that series of paintings and pastels of the urban life of his time, seeing it with his own intensively realistic and cynical vision. . . . All Degas' art is behind the scenes. It is the realism of an anti-romantic. After

1870 he concentrated on these scenes from the ballet. They yielded all he sought in spirit, and in the difficulties of design, in dynamic movement which must be caught in a flash, in the call for draughtsmanship. He became seduced by the more prismatic colours of the Impressionist school and henceforth used his pastel with brilliant effect." This particular example of his work was shown at Tooth's recently and attracted much attention. It is a pastel measuring 9 by 7 inches, and it is signed. It has been in the Roger Marx and Dikran Kelekian Collections.

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THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

MEMORABLE EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT IMPERIALIST.



A FISCAL OBJECT-LESSON: JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN EXHIBITING PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE LOAVES DURING A SPEECH AT BINGLEY HALL, BIRMINGHAM, ON NOVEMBER 4, 1903.



"MY FELLOW CITIZENS, IF I MIGHT VENTURE TO GIVE YOU A MESSAGE NOW, I WOULD SAY: 'LEARN TO THINK IMPERIALLY'": JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN SPEAKING IN THE CITY IN JANUARY 1904.



THE LAST PHASE OF A GREAT POLITICAL CAREER: JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN TOUCHING HIS NAME WRITTEN BY HIS SON IN THE ROLL OF PARLIAMENT, IN FEBRUARY 1910.



THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: AN INTERESTING RECORD OF THE FAMOUS STATESMAN (WHO WAS BORN IN 1836) AS HE APPEARED IN EARLY MANHOOD.



AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS FAME AND IN THE PLENITUDE OF HIS POWERS: JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1905, ABOUT A YEAR BEFORE THE ILLNESS THAT PERMANENTLY INCAPACITATED HIM.



HIS LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE, SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH (IN JULY 1914): JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN WITH HIS WIFE, SON (NOW SIR A. CHAMBERLAIN), AND GRANDDAUGHTER (CARRIED BY HER FATHER).



IN HIS STUDY (NOW PRESERVED AS A PERMANENT CHAMBERLAIN MUSEUM) AT HIS HOME AT HIGHBURY, NEAR BIRMINGHAM: JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT WORK AT HIS DESK DURING THE HEYDAY OF HIS CAREER.

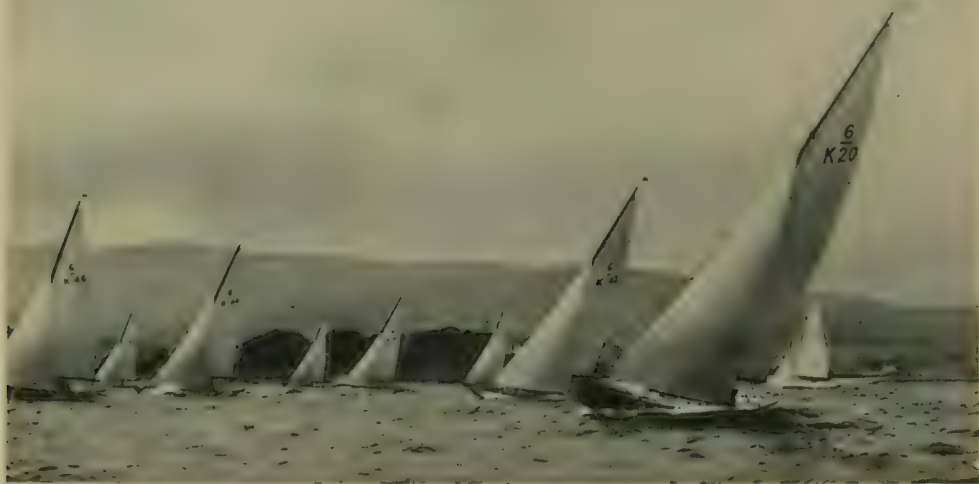


A FAMILY GROUP AT HIGHBURY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, MISS CHAMBERLAIN, MR. (NOW SIR) AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, MRS. CHAMBERLAIN, AND MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—A PHOTOGRAPH PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF JULY 14, 1906.

To commemorate the centenary of the birth of Joseph Chamberlain, the great Imperialist statesman, on July 8, celebrations were arranged both in London and Birmingham. In London the principal feature was a great gathering at the Albert Hall. The first half of the programme comprised an organ recital, songs by massed choirs, and an Empire procession; an address by Mr. L. S. Amery (chairman of the committee); the unveiling of a gigantic portrait of Mr. Chamberlain; the

singing of Kipling's "Recessional"; and a speech by Sir Austen Chamberlain acknowledging the tribute to his father. The remainder of the programme had as its keynote the famous words, "Think Imperially," and included an appeal for the Chamberlain Centenary Fund, for enabling young politicians from Britain to visit the Dominions, and *vice versa*. It was understood that Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, would attend the Birmingham celebrations.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK BY PHOTOGRAPHY: NEWS IN PICTURES.



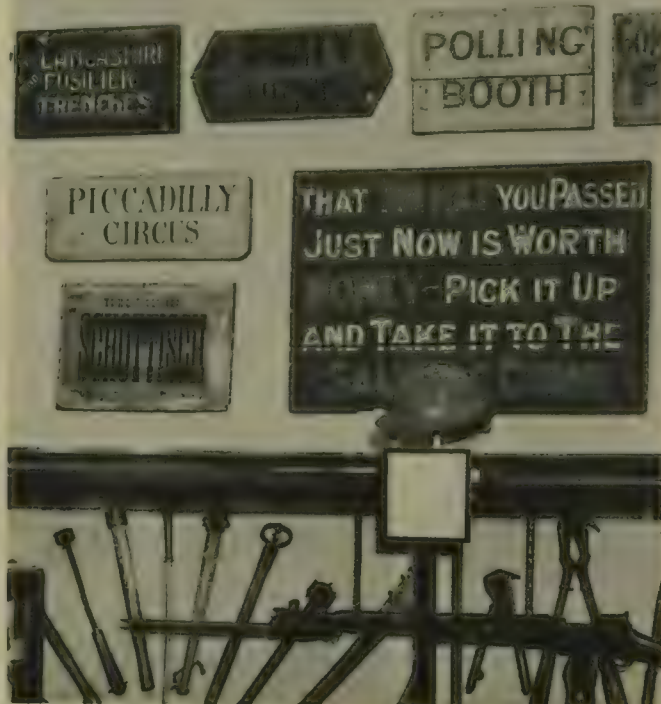
PREPARING FOR THE BRITISH-AMERICAN CUP, THE FINEST TEST OF YACHT RACING BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES: BRITISH SIX-METRES AT THE START OF A RACE ON THE CLYDE.
The chief event of the present yachting season, the contest for the British-American Cup, was due to begin on July 10. It is a series of team races in six-metre yachts, four a side, the result depending on the best of seven races. It is being held off Rothesay, on the Clyde. America is represented by "Jill," "Lucie," "Mood," and "Indian Scout." The British team is "Melita," "Nike," and "Vorsa," Clyde-built boats sailed by Scottish yachtsmen, and "Lalage," owned and sailed by four members of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club.



A NEW NAZI BUILDING SCHEME AT WEIMAR: HERR HITLER WATCHING THE FIRST SPADEFUL OF EARTH BEING DUG.
Herr Hitler was present on July 3 at the celebrations at Weimar of the tenth anniversary of the first Nazi Party rally. The celebrations were attended by 250,000 Nazis from all parts of Germany. Afterwards the Führer watched the inauguration of a great building scheme at Weimar, a model of which is seen in the centre of the photograph. On the right is standing his deputy, Herr Hess.



AT THE WAR MUSEUM: A UNIFORM WORN AT THE FRONT BY HIS LATE MAJESTY.



TRENCH WARFARE RELICS IN THE NEW IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM: TYPICAL SIGN-POSTS AND OTHER SOUVENIRS.

On July 7 the Duke and Duchess of York opened the Imperial War Museum in its new premises, once the Royal Bethlem Hospital, in Lambeth, which has been acquired for the nation by Lord Rothermere. The Museum's extremely interesting and varied collections are at last arranged in galleries specially designed for them. Its treasures include a library of 60,000 volumes, a large collection of maps, and nearly half a million photographs. It also has pictures and sculptures by many distinguished artists, including a whole room devoted to Orpen, and in particular, of course, numbers of relics of war-time.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES INSPECTING WOMEN OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF MEN AND WOMEN OF THE BRITISH LEGION.



ITALIAN JOURNALISTS BEING EJECTED FROM THE LEAGUE PALACE AT GENEVA FOR HAVING JEERED AT THE ABYSSINIAN EMPEROR: MEN SUBSEQUENTLY EXPELLED FROM THE CANTON.
When the Emperor Haile Silassie rose to address the League Assembly at Geneva on June 30 (as illustrated on page 46), Italian journalists in the Press gallery jeered and shouted opprobrious epithets. Eight were ejected and taken to St. Antoine Prison. It was stated later that they were released next day, with orders to leave the Canton of Geneva before midnight, and that they would stay at Lausanne till the Swiss Government decided what action should be taken.



THE KING'S FIRST VISIT TO "THE KING'S HOUSE": HIS MAJESTY (SEEN ON THE RIGHT IN THE DOORWAY) UNLOCKING THE DOOR.

On July 7 his Majesty paid his first visit to "The King's House," which, it will be recalled, was a Silver Jubilee gift to King George V. from the Royal Warrant Holders' Association. It has been built at Burhill, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, on a beautiful woodland site presented by Lord Iveagh. As recorded by a photograph given in our last issue, Queen Mary visited the house on June 24.

THE KING INSPECTS THE LIFE GUARDS: A BRILLIANT CAVALRY PARADE.



A SPLENDID MILITARY PAGEANT BEFORE THE KING IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: THE LIFE GUARDS RIDING PAST HIS MAJESTY, WHO IS SEEN, MOUNTED, AND TAKING THE SALUTE, ON THE RIGHT OF THE GROUP IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, WITH THE EARL OF ATHLONE JUST BEHIND HIM.



AFTER THE INSPECTION IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK, BEFORE SOME 30,000 SPECTATORS: THE KING, WITH THE EARL OF ATHLONE (ON THE EXTREME LEFT) BESIDE HIM, RIDING THROUGH WINDSOR AT THE HEAD OF THE LIFE GUARDS BACK TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS AT COMBERMERE BARRACKS.

There was a picturesque scene in Windsor Great Park on July 7 when the King inspected the Life Guards there, in his capacity as their Colonel-in-Chief rather than as monarch. His recent inspections of Foot Guards have been held at their own barracks, but, as a cavalry regiment on parade needs considerable elbow room, the scene on this occasion was the great review ground cleared for such purposes

by order of Queen Victoria. His Majesty took the salute as the troops rode past. With him was the Earl of Athlone, the new Colonel of the Regiment. After the inspection, which was watched by a crowd of some thirty thousand people, the King rode at the head of the Life Guards down Long Walk and through Windsor to their headquarters at Combermere Barracks.

**The Venetian Feast
of the
Redeemer:
A Brilliant Carnival
by Night
on the Lagoon;
Celebrating the City's
Deliverance
from a
16th Century
Plague.**

THE Feast of the Redeemer, held in Venice on the third Sunday of each July and on the Saturday night preceding it, is the culminating point of the Venetian summer season. It is at once the most famous and the gayest of Italy's festivals, the lovely setting of the Venetian night lending it an almost unearthly beauty. It is, of course, essentially a festival on the water. Throughout the night the city is illuminated with a million lights, the canals teem with gondolas and other craft of all descriptions, each carrying its own Venetian lantern, and a great fireworks display seems to set the waters of the lagoon ablaze. The Feast of the Redeemer dates back to the sixteenth century, when for a year the ancient city was stricken by a plague which spread death and terror throughout the north of Italy. A vow was made by the Senate that when the plague ended a church would be built in thanksgiving. As if by a miracle, as the story goes, the scourge ceased, and a magnificent church dedicated to the Redeemer was built at Gludecca. Andrea Palladio was the architect. Almost every year since then, whenever revolution or war has not prevented it, the vow and its response have been celebrated by a service in the church and a festival. In former times the Doge attended the thanksgiving, accompanied by the clergy and the city magistrates. Nowadays the Gludecca church is gorgeously illuminated, and a bridge of boats is thrown across the lagoon from San Maria Zobenigo to San Gregorio and continued from the Zattere to the Gludecca. All day long, on the eve of the Feast, people flock across the bridge, and at nightfall the celebrations reach their height. As dusk falls, almost the whole population comes out on to the water. All manner of boats are there, from heavy barges to swift light gondolas, each one filled with people singing, supping and making merry. The outlines of the old palaces are brightly mirrored in the waters; on every building are hung flags, festoons, and multi-coloured lights; and the festival goes on till the early hours of the morning, when a gigantic fireworks display seems to set all Venice alight. Thereafter the boats in their hundreds make for the Lido, and the night ends with a general greeting to the sun of another day as it rises over the edge of the lagoon.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIACOMELLI, VENICE.



THE SPECTACULAR FIREWORK DISPLAY WITH WHICH THE FEAST OF THE REDEEMER REACHES ITS CLIMAX: THE GAYEST OF FESTIVALS CELEBRATED ON A JULY NIGHT.

ITALY GREETES HER "CONQUERING HEROES": TROOPS BACK FROM EAST AFRICA.



THE RETURN FROM EAST AFRICA: THE TROOPSHIP "PRINCIPESSA GIOVANNA" WELCOMED AT NAPLES BY A CHEERING CROWD—THE BEGINNING OF A SLOW PROCESS OF REPATRIATION FOR MEN WHO FOUGHT IN ABYSSINIA.



CROWN PRINCE UMBERTO INSPECTING TROOPS RETURNED FROM EAST AFRICA ON BOARD THE "PRINCIPESSA GIOVANNA": AN OFFICIAL WELCOME AT NAPLES, WHICH WAS FOLLOWED BY A GREAT POPULAR DEMONSTRATION.



A BATTALION OF BLACKSHIRT STUDENT VOLUNTEERS GIVEN A GREAT RECEPTION AS THEY MARCH THROUGH NAPLES TO TAKE TRAIN FOR ROME: CHEERING CROWDS DENSELY PACKED ALONG THEIR ROUTE.



THE ARRIVAL IN ROME: GENERAL BAISTROCCHI AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE ARMED FORCES REVIEWING THE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS BEFORE THEY MADE THEIR TRIUMPHAL MARCH THROUGH THE CITY.



THE DUCE TAKES THE SALUTE FROM A RAISED PLATFORM IN THE PIAZZA VENEZIA: BLACKSHIRT UNIVERSITY STUDENTS MARCHING PAST SIGNOR MUSSOLINI ON THE RETURN OF THEIR BATTALION FROM EAST AFRICA.



FLOWER-STREWN STREETS FOR THE TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF THE BLACKSHIRT "ADVANCE GUARD" THROUGH ROME: A FORETASTE OF THE WELCOME WHICH ITALY HAS IN STORE FOR HER VICTORIOUS ARMIES.

A tumultuous welcome was given by Naples and Rome to the first considerable body of troops to be repatriated from East Africa. When the battalion of Blackshirt University student volunteers, which distinguished itself in the final advance in the Ogaden, reached the capital on July 2, an imposing gathering of authorities representing the city, the Fascist Party, and the armed forces welcomed the men at the station. An enormous crowd had gathered outside. The battalion marched through flower-strewn streets to the Piazza Venezia, the cheering crowds threatening at several points to break through the troops lining the route. Signor

Mussolini took the salute from a raised platform. The repatriation of large units of the Italian army has been officially announced, but apparently their departure from Abyssinia is partly to be counterbalanced by the dispatch of fresh forces from Italy. On July 2 the transport "Piemonte" left Naples for East Africa with an unspecified number of officers and men on board, and a battalion of Blackshirts is sailing from Messina. It will be recalled that in May the Viceroy announced that the strength of the Italian forces in East Africa would be maintained at 500,000 until the situation in Abyssinia permitted a reduction.

THE SCENE OF DISQUIETING INCIDENTS: DANZIG—DISCUSSED AT GENEVA.

Specially Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by D. Macpherson.



THE LEAGUE-CONTROLLED FREE CITY OF DANZIG—THE SUBJECT OF NEW NAZI AGITATION FOR ITS RETURN TO GERMANY: A VIEW LOOKING SOUTHWARDS ALONG THE POLISH "CORRIDOR."

A number of disquieting incidents occurred in the Free City of Danzig during June, culminating in the refusal, on instructions, of the officers of a German cruiser visiting Danzig to pay the usual courtesy call on Mr. Sean Lester, the League's High Commissioner. A report from Mr. Lester on these incidents was made public at Geneva on July 2, and on July 4 the League Council met to discuss the question. At this meeting Herr Greiser, the President of the Danzig Senate and the German representative of the Free City, who had been invited to Geneva as soon as Danzig had been added to the Council's agenda, took the

opportunity of making a demonstration in favour of the return of the city to German sovereignty. Herr Greiser's attitude was markedly discourteous. He attacked Mr. Lester's work and demanded either the appointment of a new High Commissioner or the abolition of League control. The full agreement of the Reich Government with the tenor of Herr Greiser's speech was made plain at the time in the Berlin Press. There the matter rested at the time of writing. We publish here a map showing Danzig and the surrounding territories of Poland and Germany; the Polish "corridor" separating East Prussia from Pomerania.

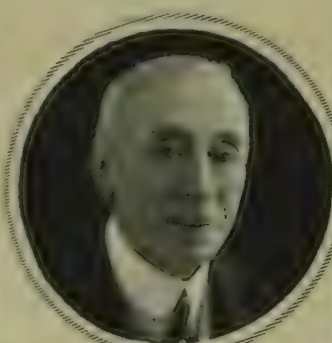
PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE ETON CAPTAIN FOR THE
ETON AND HARROW MATCH:
MR. F. G. MANN.



THE HARROW CAPTAIN FOR
THE ETON AND HARROW
MATCH: MR. B. D. CARRIS.



SIR LIONEL PHILLIPS, BT.

Born August 26, 1855; died July 2. A pioneer of the Rand mining industry. Sentenced to death at the time of the Jameson Raid. During Great War, Controller of the Department of Mineral Resources under the Ministry of Munitions.



THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE.

Visiting this country. The first ruler of Mysore to leave India. An exceptionally orthodox Hindu, priests travel with him. A G.C.S.I. and a G.B.E. Celebrated Silver Jubilee of his reign, August 8, 1927. Hon. Col., 8th King George's Own Light Cavalry.



MR. J. G. MANN.

New Keeper, Wallace Collection. Assistant Keeper, 1924-32. Educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. Reader in the History of Art, London University; Deputy Director, Courtauld Institute, 1932. An authority on arms and armour.



MR. C. J. MELROSE.

The famous airman. Killed (with Mr. A. G. Campbell) in crash near Melbourne, Australia, July 5. Won second prize in handicap section of the Melbourne Centenary air race. Made three England to Australia flights in last two years. Aged 22.



MR. SEAN LESTER.

High Commissioner of the League of Nations at Danzig. In an aggressive speech before the League Council on June 4, Herr Greiser demanded his withdrawal from the Free City and abolition of his post. A journalist until 1922. Born September 27, 1889.



HERR GREISER.

The Nazi President of the Danzig Senate. In a violent speech at Geneva, said that the people of Danzig would not endure the supervision of the League much longer. As he left, gave a Nazi salute; then put his thumb to his nose to the gallery.



THE DUKE OF KENT IN HOLLAND TO OPEN THE BRITISH ART EXHIBITION IN AMSTERDAM: H.R.H. WITH H.M. QUEEN WILHELMINA AND H.R.H. PRINCESS JULIANA, AT HET LOO, THE ROYAL SUMMER RESIDENCE.

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent opened the Exhibition of British Art in Amsterdam on July 4. In the course of his speech, he said: "A few years ago we in London had the pleasure of having an exhibition of Dutch paintings. . . . We were then privileged to see many of the finest works of your masters, which were lent for the occasion by your galleries. To-day, I am pleased to say, we are able in some measure to repay this kindness by sending you some paintings which have never before left England."



THE DUKE OF KENT OPENING THE BRITISH ART EXHIBITION IN AMSTERDAM: H.R.H. MAKING HIS SPEECH IN THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, DURING WHICH HE REFERRED TO PAINTINGS WHICH HAVE NEVER BEFORE LEFT ENGLAND.



MR. BALDWIN AT HENLEY: THE PRIME MINISTER, WHO, SPEAKING ON JULY 2, REFUTED THE RUMOURS THAT HE WAS "BREAKING UP" AND ABOUT TO RETIRE.

Speaking at the centenary dinner of the City of London Conservative Association, Mr. Baldwin said: "I retire when I think fit. . . . The first moment that I feel myself to be incapable of sustaining the burden which now rests upon me I shall be prepared to pass it to other hands. . . . But, as I say, it is for me to decide, and for no one to dictate to me."



OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S:
MR. H. T. BARTLETT, THE CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY CAPTAIN.



OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S:
MR. N. S. MITCHELL-INNES, THE OXFORD
UNIVERSITY CAPTAIN.



Craven "A" are always
cool, fresh and kind
to my throat

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

CARRERAS LTD — 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

A MUMMERY OF MAXIMILIAN'S EMPIRE: MASKS IN HUEJOTZINGO'S CARNIVAL.



A CARNIVAL CONCERNED WITH THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S MEXICAN ADVENTURE; AT HUEJOTZINGO: SKIRTED ZACAPOAXTLAS (INDIANS) IN THE PROCESSION OF FRENCH AND MEXICAN SOLDIERS.



THE "THRILL" OF THE HUEJOTZINGO CARNIVAL: THE LEGENDARY BANDIT, AGUSTIN LORENZO, AND HIS MEN CARRY OFF A LADY IN FACE OF THE COMBINED MEXICAN AND FRENCH "ARMIES."



A REMINISCENCE OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S MEXICAN ADVENTURE IN THE HUEJOTZINGO CARNIVAL: A "SAPPER"; IN IMPERIAL BEARSKIN, WITH MEXICAN EAGLE.



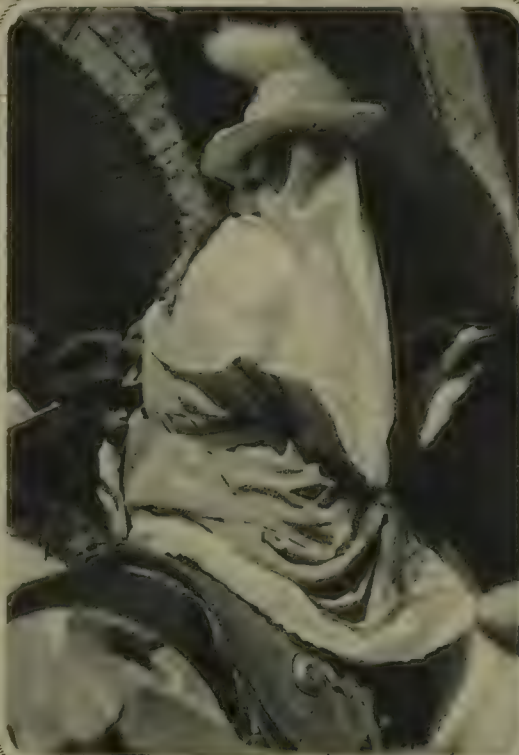
MAXIMILIAN'S FRENCH SUPPORTERS IN THE HUEJOTZINGO CARNIVAL: THE GENERAL OF NAPOLEON III.'S ILL-FATED EXPEDITION; WITH MASKED AND BEARDED ZOUAVES.



A MASKED "SAPPER" CHARGING HIS PIECE WITH BLANK; AND A FRENCH ZOUAVE WITH FRENCH FLAGS AND "VIVA FRANCIA" EMBROIDERED ON HIS HAVESACK.



AN APACHE INDIAN IN THE CARNIVAL; WITH PLUMED HEAD-DRESS, EMBROIDERED CORSELET, MASK AND SWORD.



THE LADY WHO IS CARRIED OFF BY THE BANDIT IN THE CARNIVAL: A PART TAKEN BY A MALE ACTOR, HEAVILY VEILED.



THE CARNIVAL FRENCH GENERAL IN HIS UNIFORM; HIS WHITE MASK CONTRASTING WITH BROWN INDIAN HANDS.

events which took place at the time of the French intervention in Mexico on behalf of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian. The proceedings open with a grand march into the village of the combined French and Mexican armies. First come the Apache Indians, resplendent in plumed skirts and head-dresses of all the colours of the rainbow. Next are the *Zapadores*, or Sappers, their mask a white face with a big black beard, crowned by an enormous bearskin with the Eagle and Serpent device of Mexico. They are followed by the tatterdemalion crew of the

THE Carnival staged annually by the Indians of the little *pueblo* of Huejotzingo, in the State of Puebla, is said to commemorate

Serranos, or mountain people. Next come the *Zapachaxtlas*, or Indians of the Sierra de Puebla, in masks similar to those of the *Zapadores*. For

no apparent reason, they are dressed in skirted tunics of black, green, and white, slit up the sides and cut short at the knee to reveal frilly white drawers. The rear is brought up by the Zouaves in blue and red, with masks which are a clever caricature of French features. Later the brigands of the legendary Mexican "Robin Hood," Agustin Lorenzo, gallop up. A new figure now appears, an elegant "Lady." Under a hot fire from both Mexican and French troops, which they return with pistols, the robbers ride away, bearing the "Lady" captive.

LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



ONE OF THE EVENTS WATCHED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE ROYAL SHOW, AT ASHTON COURT, BRISTOL: THE PARADE OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS. The Duke and Duchess of York motored from Badminton, where they were staying with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, to attend the Royal Show at Ashton Court, near Bristol. After luncheon in the Royal Pavilion they went to the Royal Box in the grandstand and saw a number of events, including a parade of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, and a musical drive by a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery.



A NOVEL FORM OF COMMEMORATION: WAITERS FEEDING BIRDS IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS IN MEMORY OF AN AMERICAN LADY WHO DID SO WHEN VISITING LONDON. Mr. Alexander Angus, an American business man from New Jersey, whose wife died early this year, has chosen this novel method of perpetuating her memory. During their visits to London, for sixteen years, she used to feed the birds in the Victoria Embankment Gardens, near the Savoy Hotel, and Mr. Angus has provided a fund for two waiters from that hotel to do likewise at the same time of year. They are here seen beside the monument to Sir Arthur Sullivan.



MASS WEDDINGS IN CHINA, FOR REASONS OF ECONOMY: AN IMPOSING PROCESSION OF OVER A HUNDRED COUPLES TO BE MARRIED BY THE MAYOR OF SHANGHAI—THE DARK COSTUMES OF THE BRIDEGROOMS CONTRASTING STRONGLY WITH THE WHITE GOWNS AND BOUQUETS OF THE BRIDES.

In an explanatory note supplied with this unusual and picturesque photograph, just to hand from Shanghai, it is stated: "The ancient marriage ritual in China is nowadays found to be too costly, so a hundred and two couples recently arranged to be married all together at a mass ceremony, which duly took place at the new Civic Centre at Kiangwan, a suburb of Shanghai. The wedding cost approximately £6 for each couple, including the bridal outfits, which were of a standard cut and colour. The ceremony was performed by the Mayor of Shanghai." The brides and bridegrooms are here seen walking towards the building, in single file, in two separate columns. The occasion attracted great public interest, as indicated by the number of spectators.



MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH'S NEW "ENDEAVOUR II." DISMASTED AT PLYMOUTH: THE BOOM FRACTURED WHEN IT CRASHED ON DECK, THE SAIL TRAILING IN THE WATER. Mr. Sopwith's new "Endeavour II." and Mr. Stephenson's "Velsheda" were both dismasted during the race for big yachts at Plymouth on July 2. The only casualty was an injury to one of the crew of "Endeavour II." A stiff westerly breeze was blowing, accompanied by heavy rain, and a fairly big swell was running in the Channel, where the accidents occurred. Both vessels were close-



"VELSHEDA" DISMASTED IN THE SAME RACE AS "ENDEAVOUR II.": THE STUMP OF MAST STANDING ABOUT 8 FT. ABOVE THE DECK AND THE REST OVER THE SIDE. hauled at the time. "Endeavour II." was carrying full sail and "Velsheda" was reefed. The former's mast went at the lower cross-trees and the boom was fractured when it crashed on deck; the latter's mast carried away some 8 ft. from the deck. The accidents are a serious loss to the sport, since it will be some time before the vessels can be re-fitted and resume racing.

A "QUEEN MARY" OF THE AIR: LUXURY TRAVEL IN NEW FLYING-BOATS.



SPACIOUS AND LOFTY PASSENGER ACCOMMODATION IN ONE OF THE NEW IMPERIAL AIRWAYS EMPIRE FLYING-BOATS: A VIEW LOOKING AFT FROM THE PROMENADE SALOON.

IN our issue of March 28 last we illustrated some details of the new Imperial Airways fleet of twenty-nine flying-boats, larger, faster, and more luxurious than any hitherto in service, under construction by Short Brothers at Rochester. Now that the first machine has undergone its trial flight, we are able to give actual photographs of a completed craft under working conditions. They show the luxurious character of the passenger accommodation, with its spacious rooms and lofty ceilings. Novel features are sleeping-berths for night journeys—the first in any British air-liners—and a smoking-room; also the fact that these flying-boats are of the unbraced high-wing monoplane type with wing-tip floats, whereas all previous Empire aircraft have been biplanes. In the forepart are two decks—the upper one for crew and cargo and the lower for passengers. The span is 114 ft., over-all length 88½ ft., and total loaded weight nearly 18 tons. Each flying-boat has four Bristol Pegasus engines, and the top speed is about 200 m.p.h. There is room for sixteen long-distance passengers flying night and day; and on "day stages" for eight more.



IN THE FIRST TYPE OF BRITISH AIR-LINER PROVIDED WITH SLEEPING-BERTHS: THE EARLY CUP OF TEA.



TRIALS OF THE FIRST OF TWENTY-NINE NEW FLYING-BOATS BEING BUILT FOR IMPERIAL AIRWAYS: THE MACHINE, AN ALL-METAL MONOPLANE WITH FOUR PEGASUS ENGINES, TAKING OFF FOR ITS FIRST FLIGHT AT ROCHESTER—AN AIR VIEW SHOWING THE HUGE WASH IT MADE.



ANOTHER FEATURE NEW TO IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINERS: THE SMOKING-ROOM OF AN EMPIRE FLYING-BOAT—A COMFORTABLE PLACE FOR A GAME OF BRIDGE.



A CORNER OF THE PROMENADE SALOON IN ONE OF THE NEW EMPIRE FLYING-BOATS FOR IMPERIAL AIRWAYS: COMFORTABLE ACCOMMODATION FOR PASSENGERS.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NOW that France has "turned to the Left," and effected a quiet electoral "revolution," directed this time, it seems, against plutocracy rather than monarchy or nobility, the French people should be in a mood to celebrate with special fervour, on July 14, the historic events recorded in "THE BASTILLE FALLS." And Other Studies of the French Revolution. By J. B. Morton. With eight Illustrations from Contemporary Portraits (Longmans; 12s. 6d.). The author, also well known by the pseudonym of "Beachcomber," has realised that the French Revolution was sensational enough in itself not to need any "painting of the lily." His book is no superficial sketch, but a dignified and vivid narrative resulting from prolonged study. He has not traced continuously the whole progress of the Revolution, but a series of episodes, ranging from the Fall of the Bastille on July 14, 1789, to the execution of Robespierre on July 28, 1794. Being a little tired of the modern impressionistic historian, I was relieved to read Mr. Morton's statement: "No speeches or dialogues have been invented, nor have thoughts or motives been ascribed to people merely because they might seem to be picturesque. In the use of detail, I have, again, confined myself to documented fact. . . . Though no claim of scholarship is made for the book, it is history, not historical fiction."

Amid all the welter of blood and agony, the biographical chapter on Rouget de Lisle, author and composer of "The Marseillaise," stands out in welcome contrast, and it has a special interest just now, since this year marks the centenary of his death on June 26, 1836. It recalls the origin of his immortal song, and the subsequent vicissitudes of his long life. Mr. Morton emphasises the fact that the French national anthem was not revolutionary in its original intent, but a marching song for citizen soldiers called to defend their country. Over its author's grave, he suggests, might have been inscribed his own words: "*Je n'ai pas composé la 'Marseillaise' pour soulever les pavés de Paris, mais bien pour renverser les cohortes étrangères.*" On July 14, 1915, the ashes of Rouget de Lisle were brought to Paris from his grave at Choisy le Roi, and placed among the heroes of France in the Invalides.

Another work of art—a play afterwards famous as an opera—which in some sort conducted to bringing about the French Revolution, forms a strong feature of interest in a new biographical study of its author, namely, "BEAUMARCHAIS." An Adventurer in a Century of Women. By Paul Frischauer, author of "Garibaldi" and "Prince Eugène." With eight Portraits (Ivor Nicholson; 21s.). This book relates vividly the variegated career of that amazing man who, among other things, wrote "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Barber of Seville," which inspired respectively the music of Mozart and Rossini. Beaumarchais is difficult to classify. "What have I really been?" he asked in later life. "Watchmaker and inventor; author and publisher; diplomat and secret agent; political counsellor and supporter of the Crown; purveyor and captive of the Terrorists; faithless lover and monogamous husband." His answer was: "I have been but myself."

As a political secret agent, Beaumarchais was employed by the French Government to supply war material to the American colonists in their struggle for independence, and he was influenced by their ideas. "Once more," we read, "he completely changed his purpose in life. . . . Now he was suddenly absorbed by the ideal of liberty and the rights of man. . . . He expressed these desires in 'The Marriage of Figaro,' which he was then writing." Later, when the play was finished, he managed to get it read to Marie Antoinette and her ladies, who were delighted with it. Curiously enough, the courtiers revelled in this exposure of their own follies, but Louis XVI. banned it. When it was read to him he declared: "The production of this play would be a dangerous inconsistency unless the Bastille were destroyed beforehand." The royal veto appears to have given the play an enormous advertisement. Eventually the King allowed its production, and it achieved a triumph. "Louis XVI.'s successor on the French throne, Napoleon I.," writes the author, "later declared that the success of 'The Marriage of Figaro' was more than a theatrical event. It also showed that 'the Revolution was approaching.'"

Carlyle's phrase, "the sea-green incorruptible," has not been applied to the particular shade of verdure selected for the wrapper and binding of "ROBESPIERRE." By

G. J. Renier, Ph.D. With a Frontispiece (Peter Davies; 5s.). In this attractive addition to a well-known series of short biographies, Dr. Renier draws some interesting analogies between the ideas of certain French revolutionaries and modern conceptions of the totalitarian state. His summing-up tends to reduce Robespierre's historical importance, while removing some of the black from his character as hitherto painted. "The conception of Robespierre as a monster," he says, "will not survive the study of the innumerable historical documents now available. He was not bloodthirsty . . . he was only partly responsible for the Terror. He was hardly a dictator and never exercised power solely by himself."

Military students, professional or amateur, will form the main body of readers for a new edition of "NAPOLEON AND WATERLOO." The Emperor's Campaign with the Armée du Nord, 1815. By Major A. F. Becke, R.F.A. (Retired). With five Maps and six Sketches (Kegan

is founded on careful

research, though in form a blend of history and romance; with occasional "imaginary conversations" and insight into the inner thoughts of characters formerly claimed by the novelist rather than the biographer.

The author describes picturesquely the extravagances of the Grand Monarque's Court and gives us lurid details of the Black Mass, by which Mme. de Montespan sought to divert the King's attention to herself. Through all these bizarre scenes of intrigue, luxury, and vice, the figure of Louise, loyal and sincere in her affections and essentially religious, moves like one from another world. I do not know whether the title was the author's invention or is drawn from some quotation. It seems to me, however, to be a mistake, and almost an insult, to apply to Louise de la Vallière the term "courtesan," in view of the general meaning it has acquired. Nothing could have been less sordid than her love for Louis, which began when she was barely seventeen and continued with unswerving fidelity throughout all her subsequent tribulations.

The closing years of Louis XIV.'s career are recalled in "THE KING'S DARLING." Adelaide of Savoy, Duchess of Burgundy and Mother of Louis XV. (1685-1712). With Frontispiece Portrait. By Lt.-Col. Henri Carré. Translated from the French by George Slocombe (Lane; 12s. 6d.). On a first glance at the title, I thought this might be another story of a royal liaison. Adelaide of Savoy, however, as it soon appeared, was not "the King's darling" in the same sense as his mistresses. She was, in fact, brought to Paris as a little girl of eleven to marry Louis XIV.'s grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. "The old king," we read, "took a fancy to the little Duchess and allowed her undreamt-of liberties." The brightness which her presence brought into his declining years, however, was not destined to last, for the young Duke and his wife both died of an epidemic in 1712, and Louis XIV. survived them by three years.

There is pathos in the record left by Marshal Villars of his interview with the king two days before the funeral, when Paris was threatened by an invading army under Prince Eugène and Villars commanded the defence. "On that day," wrote the Marshal afterwards, "the self-control of the monarch yielded to the feelings of the man. The king shed tears, and said to me in a voice that went to the heart, 'You see in what state I am, Monsieur le Maréchal. Few have known what it is to lose, as I have, and in the space of a few weeks, a grandson, a granddaughter-in-law and their son, all of great promise and tenderly cherished. God punishes me, and I have deserved it. I shall suffer less in the next world. But now let us leave sorrowing over my domestic misfortunes and see what can be done to avert those of my kingdom.'"

I have only room to mention briefly two other noteworthy books which carry us into still earlier periods of French history, namely, "HENRY OF NAVARRE." By Marcelle Vioux. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. Illustrated (Bles; 10s. 6d.); and a new volume in the History of Civilisation series, "THE FEUDAL MONARCHY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND." From the Tenth to the Thirteenth Century. By Ch. Petit-Dutaillis, Member of l'Institut de France (Kegan Paul; 16s.). This volume, of course, is a serious work of scholarship.

Regarding the present day Republic, now ruled by M. Blum and his *Front Populaire*, comes a small book written from a Communist point of view—"FRANCE TO-DAY" and the People's Front. By Maurice Thorez, General Secretary for the Communist Party, Deputy for the Seine Division. Translated from the French by Emile Burns (Gollancz; 5s.).

France of to-day still retains some solid vestiges of the France of yesterday, very interesting to modern tourists. Some of these are well described and illustrated in "FRENCH CHATEAUX OPEN TO THE PUBLIC." By Angus Holden and Ralph Dutton (Allen and Unwin; 5s.; paper; 3s. 6d.). Among the castles mentioned is the Château de Maintenon, associated with the ambitious governess who became the uncrowned Queen of Louis XIV. In the Château de la Roche-Guyon is to be seen the bureau at which he signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685. But for that incident, which affected certain Huguenot ancestors of mine, perhaps I might not have been here to write this article! C. E. B.



NEW ACQUISITIONS OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A CHINESE PAINTING ON GLASS; SHOWING AN EMPRESS ENTHRONED ON A TERRACE BESIDE A LAKE AND PAVILIONS.



AN EMPEROR ENTHRONED AMID HIS COURT IN A WINTER LANDSCAPE; WITH A BACKGROUND REPRESENTING THE OLD SUMMER PALACE: A CHINESE PAINTING ON GLASS.

Recent acquisitions of the Victoria and Albert Museum include these very remarkable Chinese paintings on glass, probably the largest existing specimens of their kind (46½ in. by 76½ in.). They were painted in China for an Englishman, Richard Hall (1764-1834), who resided in that country from 1785 to 1803. Mr. Hall was a great-grandfather of Mr. H. Clifford Smith, Keeper of the Department of Woodwork in the Museum. The Emperor represented in the winter scene may be either Ch'ien-lung or his son and successor, Chia-ch'ing. The landscape background represents the old Summer Palace (Yüan-Ming-Yuan), which was destroyed in 1860, the snow-covered hill being the Wan Shou Shan. The pictures were bequeathed to the Museum by the late Amyand John Hall.

Paul; 10s. 6d.). The author's revision has resulted in what is practically a new book, more valuable than ever.

I now go back, a hundred years or so, to the reign of the *Roi Soleil*—the longest reign, I believe, in European history—when the shadow of revolution had not begun to loom over the splendours of the French Court, although some eighty years after his death (in 1715) a mob desecrated the royal tombs at St. Denis and dragged out his corpse. At the same time they destroyed the tombs of the Carmelites, among them perhaps that which bore the words: "*Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde, le 6 juin, 1710.*" So we are told in the epilogue to a new memoir of "the only woman that Louis XIV. ever loved sincerely." The book is entitled "A COURTESAN OF PARADISE." Louise, Duchesse de la Vallière, or Sister Louise of the Order of Mount Carmel. By Margaret Trouncer. With twelve Colotype Illustrations (Faber; 15s.). Evidently the work

ENGLISH EMBROIDERY, *CIRCA 1300*;
AND OTHER IMPORTANT NEW ACQUISITIONS
MADE BY THE V. AND A. MUSEUM.



A CROSS-SHAPED ORPHREY FROM A CHASUBLE, EMBROIDERED IN COLOURED SILKS AND GOLD AND SILVER THREAD ON LINEN: SUPERB ENGLISH WORK OF ABOUT 1300 A.D.

One of the finest acquisitions made by the Victoria and Albert Museum for some time is a beautifully embroidered orphrey of about 1300, of the workmanship known then as "opus anglicanum." It shows scenes from the life of Christ, and, at the sides, St. Peter and St. Paul. The embroidery is of the very highest quality, and is in a condition more perfect than that of any other known example. Until recently, it was in the possession of the Roman Catholic community of Marnhull, Dorset, but practically nothing is known of its origin or previous history.—Other new acquisitions include an ivory model of a Chinese officer's pleasure-barge, 2 ft. 4 in. in length and remarkable for its technical skill. The shallow draught and breadth of beam show that the original was built for leisurely progress along Chinese rivers. There are



A MANCHU PLEASURE-BARGE IN IVORY; WITH NOTICE-BOARDS INSCRIBED "KEEP OUT OF THE WAY" AND "KEEP QUIET."



A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ARMORIAL CARVING IN MARBLE FROM A CASTLE AT HALICARNASSUS: A GIFT FROM SIR GEORGE HILL.

figures of the owner, his guests and the crew. Notice-boards on the upper deck bear warnings to passing traffic: "Keep out of the way" and "Keep quiet"; while the placards on the lower deck state that the barge belongs to a general in the Manchu army. The model is designed to run by clockwork and dates from the reign of Ch'ien-lung (1736-1795).—Sir George Hill, on his retirement from the Directorship of the British Museum, has presented the Victoria and Albert Museum with three armorial carvings. The largest, illustrated here, is distinguished by unusually good lettering. It bears the coat-of-arms of Fray Francisco de Boxols, a member of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. It comes from the castle of St. Peter, built by the Knights of Rhodes at Halicarnassus, and has the dates 1484, 1485, and 1486.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

SUMMER SALADS.

WE are creatures of convention. We like to eat plum-pudding in the tropics, regardless of the temperature, because a Christmas dinner without plum-pudding would be a flat, dull, and unprofitable meal, lacking in Yuletide cheer. In like fashion do we hail the summer, however late it may be in arriving. There may be shrewd winds abroad, rain-clouds in the sky, colds in our heads; no matter. It is July. We are determined to relax. The papers tell us how to keep cool, and prescribe our warm-weather diet. Those pages devoted to culinary hints literally sprout salads. By all means let us have our salads, for they are summer fare.

The world of entertainment adjusts itself to the established rule. This is no season for mental effort. We want to be amused and stimulated; but easily, if you please, without too much tax on the brain, or too direct a reminder of life's sterner realities, on which, in thought at least, we are already preparing to turn our backs. Nothing too solid, but crisp and fresh, like the heart of a lettuce, and never mind the ingredients so they be skilfully mixed and prettily decorated. Thus, or in some such fashion, we choose from the menu, and the kinema caterers, knowing our mood, serve up their salads.

The London Pavilion offers a Pickford-Lasky production entitled "One Rainy Afternoon." A frivolous salad this, with a French dressing and plenty of trimming. I can thoroughly recommend it, for it has been tossed together with a light hand and pleasantly flavoured. Derived from a story by Messieurs Pressburger and René Pujal, this Parisian frolic is actually the career of a kiss. The kiss in question was bestowed in a darkened kinema by a young actor, at the moment engaged in a flirtation with a married woman. Obedient to the dictates of discretion, the philan-

production with a catchy little song which justifies the title, "One Rainy Afternoon," and sums up the escapade as he strolls through the auditorium of the theatre to which he has been rushed from jail. He does it admirably, with just the right touch of *insouciance* and sentiment. The little lady, kissed by mistake and courted with deter-

capable of a great deal more than gazing with candid wonder on an unkind world, and Mr. Taylor is pleasantly free from any consciousness of his good looks. It is true that in "Secret Interlude" their main business is to look romantic in the moonlight, joyous in the sunshine, and picturesque under adverse circumstances. That is not their fault, and they do it extremely well, a couple of thoroughly nice young people lending themselves gracefully to the plastic exigencies of their respective parts.

All the venom, jealousy and spite of Cinderella's Ugly Sisters, plus a liberal dose of native dignity, has been translated into masculine terms and concentrated in the character of the "villain of the piece," an immaculate butler who rules the millionaire's household with a rod of iron, puts the staff through its paces like a drill-sergeant, docks the servants' salaries to line his own pockets, and expects immediate acquiescence from his favourites. This suavely sinister gentleman would, one feels, have caused a revolution below stairs within a month, but Mr. Basil Rathbone, stalking contemptuously through marble halls and palatial kitchens, is easily the most arresting figure in the picture. Mr. Rathbone's peculiar brand of villainy, which he suggests with such icy perfect precision that I

fear he is doomed to evil courses on the screen for ever, is immensely impressive, in that it is all of a piece, and monumental in its inexorable outlines. He cuts through sentimentalities cleanly and incisively, and manages to be significant even in a part exaggerated to something more than life size.

Mr. Roy del Ruth's direction of "Secret Interlude" is smooth and polished. He makes the most of luxurious interiors and luscious rural backgrounds. As far as I could see, Cinderella never does a spot of hard work, and enjoys an immense amount of leisure, reclining seductively in a hammock or careering across a lake in a speedboat with her college Adonis, whose fond but singularly short-sighted Mamma even equips her maid with a smart garden-party frock! Cinderella's Fairy Godmother could do no more though she, of course, knew what she was up to. However, what matter the motives, so long as a pair of lovers reach the goal of "happy ever after"?



"THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES," AT THE CARLTON THEATRE: MADELEINE CARROLL AS HOPE AMES, ON TRIAL FOR MURDER, WITH GEORGE BRENT AS MATT LOGAN CROSS-EXAMINING HER.

The story of this film—a Paramount Picture produced by Walter Wanger and presented at the Carlton Theatre on July 6—turns on the murder of a multi-millionaire named Perry Ames in San Francisco. His beautiful young widow is accused of the crime, and the case seems to be going badly for her since the district attorney's ruthless assistant, Matt Logan, has taken over the prosecution on his chief falling ill. Subsequent developments provide many thrills, but it would be unfair to reveal them prematurely.

mination, is Miss Ida Lupino, who brings to the screen a youthful loveliness and an intelligence that mark her out as an *ingénue* of real distinction.

The picture is directed by Mr. Rowland V. Lee, with due appreciation of its irresponsible nature, and, albeit it is a trifle slow in getting into its stride, it rapidly gains in tempo, picking up several excellent sidelights without faltering. The hero's trial is presided over by a judge who, in Mr. Donald Meek's hands, is a gem of comedy. Mr. Roland Young's quiet humour as the impresario bubbles up here and there; and Mr. Hugh Herbert, an indefatigable prompter in life as in the theatre, provides a stolid foil to Mr. Lederer's high spirits.

The Twentieth-Century Fox picture, "Secret Interlude," presented at the Tivoli, is a frankly popular mixture of familiar ingredients, held together with the thickest, creamiest, most sentimental of mayonnaises. This version of the Cinderella theme—carried, it is true, into troubled waters beyond the realm of fairyland—has at least one surprising element, and that is its derivation from a New York play by Mr. Cleves Kinkead. Without this piece of programme information, one might well suppose its source to be the novelette, so closely does the story conform to the pattern of seaside fiction. The romance of a beautiful and virtuous

lady's maid, secretly married to the son of her wealthy employers, and finally emerging triumphant, with baby, from the law-courts, whither malice and class-prejudice have dragged her, is a dish devised for mass consumption. Not for the film gourmet are the melodramatic situations, the surface emotions, the comic relief, the abundant glamour of this touching tale, unless he can find pleasure in its elaborate exterior and its interpretation.

The picture partners the limpid-eyed Miss Loretta Young with Hollywood's handsomest *jeune premier*, Mr. Robert Taylor, whose profile caused a flutter in feminine hearts in "Broadway Melody of 1936." This new starring team should do well, for Miss Young is a fine actress,



"TILL WE MEET AGAIN," AT THE PLAZA THEATRE: HERBERT MARSHALL AS ALAN BARCLOW (SEATED, RIGHT), AND GUY BATES POST AS CAPTAIN MINTON (SEATED, LEFT), WHO IS INSTRUCTING A CLASS, DURING THE WAR, IN SECRET SERVICE METHODS, WITH FIGURES REPRESENTING VARIOUS GERMAN UNIFORMS.

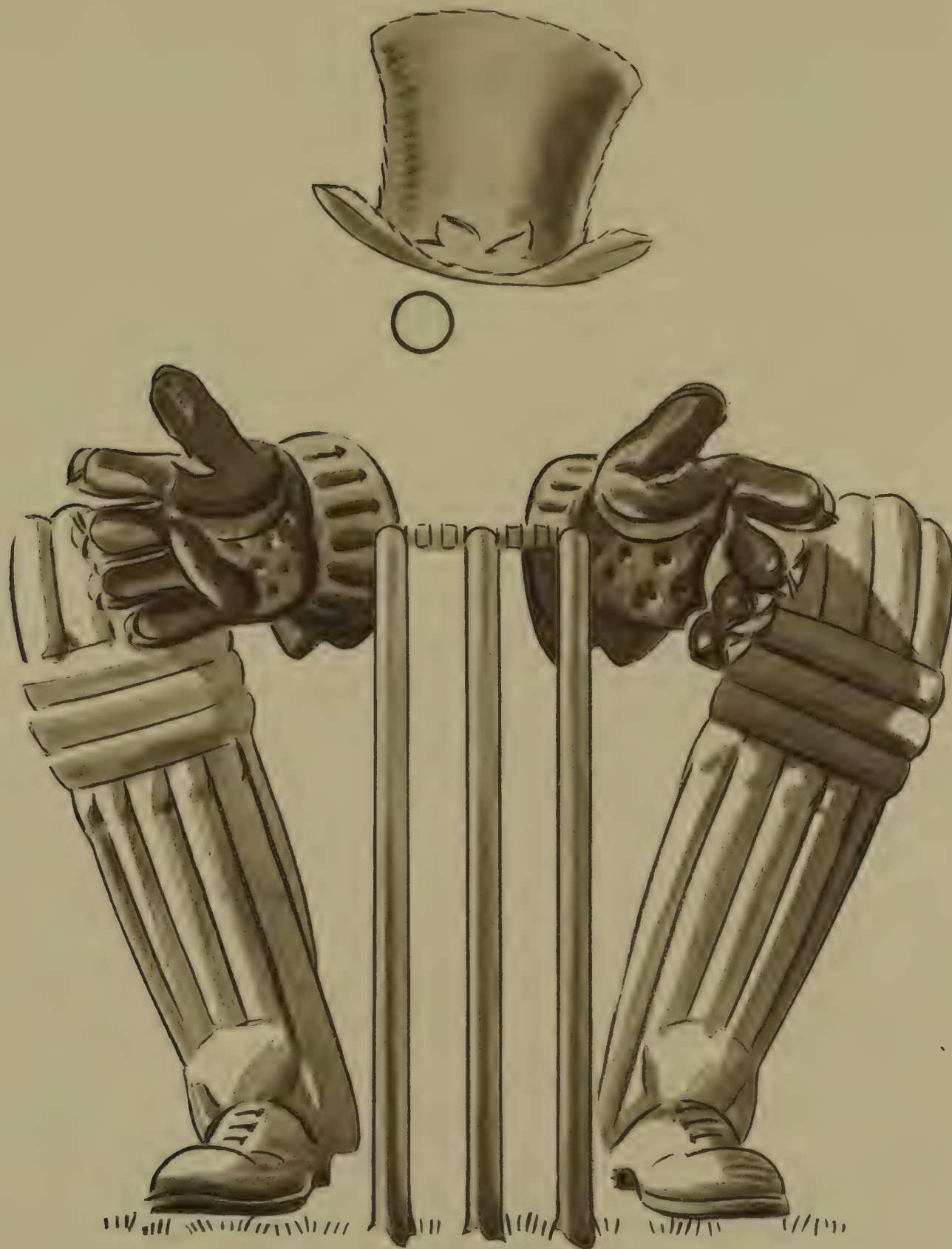
"Till We Meet Again," a Paramount picture, began its run at the Plaza Theatre on July 3. The story is a romance of the Secret Service. In London in 1914 Alan Barclow, a famous English actor, is about to marry Elsa Daranyi, a Viennese actress, when war is declared. Alan enters the British Secret Service, while Elsa is recalled to spy for the enemy. Their activities clash in Germany, where they meet and have astonishing adventures.



"ONE RAINY AFTERNOON," AT THE LONDON PAVILION: FRANCIS LEDERER AS PHILIPPE MARTIN, AND IDA LUPINO AS MONIQUE PELERIN IN A SCENE AT A PARIS SKATING RINK.

"One Rainy Afternoon," which started its run at the London Pavilion on July 6, is a Pickford-Lasky production directed by Rowland V. Lee. A review of the film appears on this page.

dering couple entered the picture-palace separately, were ushered into the wrong seats, and thus it came about that the wrong girl received the kiss. Result—a slap, a scream, a scandal. Thanks to the efforts of a quartette of viragos, members of a Purity League, the accidental embrace soon assumes the proportions of a premeditated attack, and the volatile hero becomes front-page news. The small-part actor is the man of the hour, a "monster" whom the women flock to see. In and out of jail, dogged by press-cameras, exploited by an enterprising impresario, and finally steered by her astute father into the arms of his charming "victim," Mr. Francis Lederer—for the "monster" is none other—is in his element. Mr. Lederer is an actor who achieves his effects with so much facility that one might, on first acquaintance, ascribe his success to an engaging smile, a pleasant personality, and attractive accent. But behind that ingenuous air of his, the schoolboy gusto with which he embarks on adventure, the observant may detect the experienced comedian who times his work to a nicety, and justly appreciate his apparent spontaneity as the outcome of a well-considered and smoothly oiled technique. He is all the more delightful to watch in his boyish *dan*, because at no time is it possible to see "the wheels going round." He caps the present



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JOHNNIE WALKER

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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE SUMMER EXHIBITION AT THE SPARKS GALLERIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE net employed to land the exhibits at this month's show in Mount Street seems to have been cast rather wider than usual. Anyway, in addition to what one has come to consider normal items, it includes pieces as diverse as carved wooden hat-stands and lacquer furniture, the latter from the Paris collection of Mr. C. T. Loo. Furniture of this description is not often seen in this country, and I hope to speak of it in a later article: apart from this, the illustrations on this page provide a reasonably accurate indication of the quality and variety to be found at the show, which will only last until the 18th of this month.

There are numerous examples of the grace and vigour which the potter of the T'ang Dynasty was able to bring to life in his little tomb figurines, but Fig. 2—one of a pair—represents a type which one visitor at least does not remember having seen before. The modeller has achieved his aims by exaggerating the length of the legs out of all proportion (a trick



FIG. 1. A FOLDING HAT-STAND OF CARVED SANDALWOOD, THE EDGES LACQUERED AND INLAID WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL: AN INGENUOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PIECE OF THE CH'EN LUNG PERIOD.



FIG. 3. ONE OF A PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL AND VERY RARE SUNG DYNASTY PIECES: A VASE OF THE SO-CALLED TEMMOKU WARE, COVERED WITH DARK BROWN-BLACK GLAZE, WITH A HAWTHORN SPRAY ON EACH SIDE. (HEIGHT, 8½ IN.)

not unknown to, among others, mediæval sculptors in Europe, to Van Dyck and to Gainsborough and still common among fashionable portrait-painters and fashion artists), and has given a yet greater refinement to his personage by very careful treatment of the folds of her robe, in a manner a little reminiscent of some of the finest Buddhist sculpture of the fifth or sixth century A.D. (i.e., a hundred or two hundred years previously).

The point, of course, must not be pressed too far, but it is undeniably tempting to trace the connection, and to imagine that the man who made this was familiar with such admirable examples of sculpture as the big Eumorfopoulos piece, and deliberately based his style upon it rather than upon the broader treatment of drapery in vogue among his fellow-potters at the time. No one indeed can fail to note a certain elegant fragility about this lady which makes her stand out among her more robust sisters.

Of the Sung Dynasty pieces, Fig. 3 is one of a pair of extremely beautiful vases—very rare indeed—whose thick, brown-black glaze makes a poor show in any reproduction, however good, of the type

known by its Japanese name, Temmoku, and even more admired there than in Europe. These two vases, with their cream hawthorn sprays, and this wonderful rich dark glaze, are things to be remembered long after they pass—as they surely will very quickly—into one of the half-dozen first-class collections.

Sidestep, not in time, but in place, from China to Siam before there was a national entity of that name, and we come to the enigmatic and powerful greyish sandstone sculpture of Fig. 4 (twelfth or thirteenth century A.D.). I am informed that not many can bear to live with the very few examples of Khmer sculpture which reach Europe: people find their rather brutal, passion-

ate intensity distressing, which to me is as if one were to refuse to see "Hamlet" because it is a tragedy: but that does not alter the fact that, by any standards, such a head as this has not only sculptural quality, but is in itself the very pith and marrow of a long-dead civilisation. Fashion is an odd business. I have a most vivid recollection of a little bronze head from Siam in the last exhibition in these galleries. Had it been Egyptian it would have been worth quite £4000: as it was not, it was to be had for a tenth of the price, but it was equal to anything that ever came out of Egypt.

It is not easy to be frivolous about the Khmers, but there is nearly always a smile to be found somewhere in China. What more engaging than Fig. 1, a hat-stand of carved sandalwood, the edges lacquered and inlaid with mother-of-pearl?

The object folds up neatly into a case, where it lies quite flat—an ingenious piece of nonsense, and practical withal. Carving and inlay first-class. Period, Ch'ien Lung. Not less frivolous, but in a more monumental manner, is a large cloisonné enamel incense-burner, with elephant feet and

handles, and decorated in ormolu. In one sense—and that depends entirely on one's point of view—this extremely rich and elaborate piece is a typical example of eighteenth-century Chinese taste, by which I don't mean the Chinese scholar's taste, but popular Chinese taste. Odd, indeed, how this passion for very elaborate ornament reached its climax in



FIG. 2. A T'ANG DYNASTY TOMB FIGURINE IN POTTERY: AN EFFECT OF REFINEMENT OBTAINED BY VERY CAREFUL TREATMENT OF THE DRESS FOLDS AND AN EXAGGERATED LENGTH OF LEG.



FIG. 4. AN ENIGMATIC AND POWERFUL EXAMPLE OF KHMER SCULPTURE, SHOWING INDIAN INFLUENCE: A SANDSTONE HEAD, DATING FROM THE TWELFTH-THIRTEENTH CENTURIES A.D.

both hemispheres at about the same time: with the eighteenth-century incense-burner we are in the world of Berain and Boulle, and in that of those later cabinet-makers under Louis XV. who covered their marvelously made pieces of tulip-wood with sprays of ormolu. Odder still, if one cares to pursue this parallel, is the way in which the relation between some of the Ch'ien Lung porcelain in its delicate simplicity and the robust cloisonné incense-burner is almost identical in spirit to that between much of the porcelain made at Sévres and the elaborate products of the French cabinet-makers.

There are nearly 250 items in the exhibition catalogue. There is just space left for a mention of eight bronzes, all of the Chou Dynasty with the exception of one, which is catalogued as Shang-Yin, and of a series of jades, the majority of the eighteenth century, and one or two modern. I venture to point out that modern Chinese jade carvings, though they vary in quality, are by no means to be despised. There are obviously several craftsmen working to-day who inherit the ancient tradition and are adapting it to modern demands. May they resist the temptation—which must be considerable—to produce careful imitations of old pieces for the entrapping of the unwary!

This England . . .



Dunster, Somerset.

OUR ENGLAND is a garden — from the valiant geranium of the tenement window-sill to the lovely riot of colour round rectory or farm. All of us like to till the soil in some sort and draw a sweet content from the fruits of our labours. So also do we enjoy the fruits of a wider labouring of this kindly earth. For after the rich gold of the barley fields has been gathered to the malting-floor, the heavy-scented hop to the oasthouse, there comes Worthington — a distillation of the very harvest, it seems, to fill our veins and hearts with the mellow strength of this England . . .

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

BASE METAL PROSPECTS.

BASE metals, in the language of the market-place, are all those which are outside the pale occupied by the two commonly called precious; namely, gold and silver, which have been raised to this distinction by being used for many centuries by mankind for purposes of currency and as the basis of credit. It is true that some of the base metals have found their way into the small change of certain countries, but only as subsidiary coins, and not, at least in recent times, as the principal medium of exchange. Every schoolboy, of course, knows—or used to know when Greek history was supposed to be part of the education of a gentleman—that Lycurgus was said to have obliged the Spartans to use iron money, so that its inconvenient weight might deter them from the low habit of trading; and Jevons, in his book on "Money," which was written in or before 1875, tells us that "during the last century copper was actually used as the chief medium of exchange in Sweden; and merchants had to take a wheelbarrow with them when they went to receive payments in copper dalers."

But in these times the demand for any of the base metals for minting purposes is a practically negligible item in its consumption; and their value depends entirely on the vagaries of supply combined with the fluctuations of industrial demand. As to supply, there is, of course, all the uncertainty connected with the digging up of anything out of the bowels of the earth, added to the possibility that fresh sources of output may at any time be discovered, or that some new scientific discovery in the treatment of ores may make it possible to mine with profit old formations that have long been abandoned as worthless. In addition to these natural chances and changes, there is also the fact that the output and distribution of most of the principal base metals is controlled by restrictions and agreements, depending on human decisions and their possible variations.

CONSUMPTION PROBLEMS.

On the consumption side everything depends on the course of trade, complicated by the possibility of war. Good trade means a steady increase in demand, with rising prosperity for producers and growing dividends for shareholders in producing companies. War would mean a hectic demand and a rapid quickening in output, certain to be followed by collapse in consumption and price, if not by that destruction of civilisation which is foretold by many as the inevitable result of the next war, if and when it comes. There is also the possibility, which perhaps on the whole seems most probable, that international trade, without any sensational revival, will continue to jog along at its present humdrum pace, improving gradually as internal prosperity in many countries obliges them, in spite of the efforts of statesmen to make them self-sufficient, to exchange more freely their products across the frontiers. As usual, when one tries to see one's way into the future of any set of securities, one comes finally up against the brick wall of human psychology: what is mankind going to do with its present magnificent opportunity for material expansion and prosperity? All the physical ingredients for a great feast of well-being are present: improved and cheapened communication and transport, immense capacity for the production of all the good things needed for human comfort, among which the base metals are an important item,

and the possibility of a vast expansion of credit based on increasing gold supplies. With the menu of this appetising banquet lying on the table before him, man prefers to divert his attention to wrangling and quarrelling. And the tragical thing about the whole silly business is that man in general does not want to quarrel, but is eager to set seriously about the business of improving his standard of comfort, still lamentably low for the great majority of human beings. Individually we all want peace, prosperity, and the growth of international trade, without which prosperity cannot be complete; but in the way of this ambition stand the prejudices and ambitions of aggressive statesmen.

metal shares. On the other hand, if we accept the view, commonly held in the City, that the nations are too much afraid of one another, and of the internal consequences of war, to start a contest which would only result in general destruction, then the prospects of the base metals have to be judged on less terrifying considerations, which still show that substantial prosperity should lie ahead of those companies engaged in their production which are judiciously managed, as long as the controlling groups are not too greedy in the arrangements that they make for regulating output and prices, and do not check consumption by obliging consumers to look for cheaper substitutes.

THIS METALLIC AGE.

One of the most clamorously evident features in the present tendency of our civilisation is the fact that we live in a mechanical, and consequently a metallic, age. In every department of life, from arming our nation against aggression to sweeping the floors of our houses, we make, year by year, more use of machinery in the construction of which more and more metal is required. What effect this increasing consumption will have on the prices of metals, in view of the increased possibilities of production of copper, iron, lead, tin, and all the rest of them, is a question that nobody can answer with confidence; but at least it is clear that a remunerative price is reasonably assured for their producers, whose position has been strengthened by recent arrangements for maintaining equilibrium between output and demand. Some people, in fact, maintain that a rapid rise in the prices of metals, and of most of the other primary commodities, is assured by the present and prospective advance in the production of gold. This is an interesting argument, and if the world were in a normal condition it might carry a good deal of weight. Briefly summed up, it means that more gold enables us to base a larger volume of credit on the metal which still commands more confidence as a store of value than any other commodity. More credit means more buying power and a consequent rise in the prices of goods. On the other hand, so far the increased supplies of gold have been largely neutralised by the hoarding habits of mankind, stimulated to an extraordinary extent by political and social fears; and until an atmosphere of general confidence can be restored—which seems to be a disastrously long way off—this result of increasing gold supplies cannot be expected to show its full force; and even then we have to remember that stable, rather than soaring, prices are now the expressed ambition of monetary authorities, and

that they have lately learnt enough about the possibilities of management in monetary matters to be able to check any tendency to a runaway rise in prices, which might have awkward social results.

In the meantime, it seems most probable that the recovery already established in base-metal prices will be maintained and probably carried further, as the improving standard of life in this and other countries makes it more possible for all classes to get a greater share of the conveniences of mechanised transport and comforts and amusements. Human ingenuity is unceasingly at work to make these conveniences cheaper and to bring them into more general use; and, from steel, railway-sleepers to tinned beer, the onward march of the metals goes steadily on its way.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

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When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

A "HEDGE" AGAINST WAR.

Such are some of the problems that have to be pondered by those who are, or who think of being, interested in base-metal shares. It will have been noticed that one thing is specially in their favour—namely, that if the worst comes to the worst, and the war which many people tell us is inevitable really happens, the demand for their product will be enormous and inexhaustible. Whether it would be possible for producers in distant countries to get their output delivered, in face of the obstacles to transport that seem likely to be raised by up-to-date wartime conditions, is a matter that cannot be left out of consideration, but, barring this possible difficulty, there can be no doubt that those who are trying to hedge against war by investing in shares which will benefit by it can find what they want in a judicious assortment of base

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Women with a true instinct for economy are investing their pin-money in things which, although they may do duty for week-ends and cruises, will look well when the first touch of frost is felt in the air. By the way, furs are of paramount importance, as they are now available at summer prices. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have assembled in their salons a comprehensive collection of fur coats and wraps. It demonstrates that there is a subtle difference in the silhouette, and that all monotony is banished from the luxurious capes carried out in silver fox.



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Light and Simple Hats.

It is essential that for the warm weather hats be light and simple. These qualifications are present in the models portrayed on this page from Marshall and Snelgrove. The hat in the centre of the group is 21s. 9d., and is made of a straw that is really a development of that used for the time-honoured boater. Baku trimmed with ribbon makes the hat on the right, while the model on the left is entirely carried out in straw. For holiday and early autumn wear there are hats for 25s. They are made of a new material called "Butterfly." It has the appearance of suede and is extremely light. These hats are available in four becoming shapes, twelve colours, and the accepted sizes, including special large fittings.

The Lure of Alpaca.

A decided touch of individuality is added to the coat and skirt above from Marshall and Snelgrove's by the cretonne collar and gloves to match: of it one may become the possessor for six guineas. Alpaca makes the jumper on the left, available in a variety of colour schemes for 35s. 6d., and its aspect may be completely altered by varying the slip over which it is worn. A very important feature of the alpaca jumper on the right is the fringe; this again is seen in many colour combinations the cost being 45s. 6d. No one can cavil at the statement that among accessories petticoats assume an important position. Here admirably-cut Princess slips in good quality crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with self embroidery are 20s., while those that have been specially designed for sports wear, in good quality Jap silk with double hems, are 13s. 9d. By the way, there is a good wrap-over at the back. And here is a bargain which should certainly be remembered when packing for the holidays, especially as it is merely 1s. 3d. It is a collapsible hat-stand with brush, nine inches high—it packs flat when necessary. And such a joy are the coloured suede rubber capes with detachable hoods, forty-eight inches long, for 6s. 11d.



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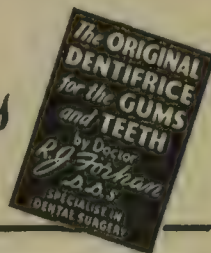
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE Ministry of Transport issued recently the draft of a new Construction and Use Order which will have to be carefully watched by motoring interests. Probably with the best intentions in the

latter is used—by January 1, 1937. So far as concerns more modern vehicles, it appears from the text of the Order that, if their screens are not of approved safety glass, they must be altered from the date the Order becomes operative. It is true that this will apply to relatively few British cars, for the reason that, since 1932, most manufacturers have standardised safety-glass screens, and not a few have gone one better and used this glass for all lights and windows;

fine of £20. Then, all cars in future must be fitted with driving mirrors. At present this provision applies only to closed cars, but if the Order becomes substantive, even the smallest and most open of two-seaters must be so equipped. Another innovation is that all cars fitted with wind-screens that cannot be opened sufficiently to allow a full view of the road must have an efficient automatic screen-wiper. Why it should be thought necessary to make compulsory the fitting of an accessory which is practically universal, only the Minister can tell us—except that the unfortunate wight whose screen-wiper has broken down, or is not "efficient" in the opinion of a police officer, may be mulcted in a fine of £20!

[Continued overleaf.]



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world, the Minister appears to be seeking for new measures of road safety, but, apparently, he thinks that this can best be achieved by inventing new offences and new penalties wherewith to harass the already over-regulated motorist. Among the new provisions is one that compels the use of safety glass for wind-screens. That would be excellent if it applied to cars built now or in future, but, as it is more than a little retrospective in its application, it must be viewed with a certain amount of suspicion. According to the wording of the section covering this, cars registered before January 1, 1932, must have safety glass substituted for the ordinary plate—where the

but there are quite a number of cars in use which are not so fitted, and, if the Order goes through without protest, it means that their owners will be put to considerable expense in making the change. Why so, passes understanding, until we come to the clause which lays down that any infraction of the provisions of the Order may be visited by a



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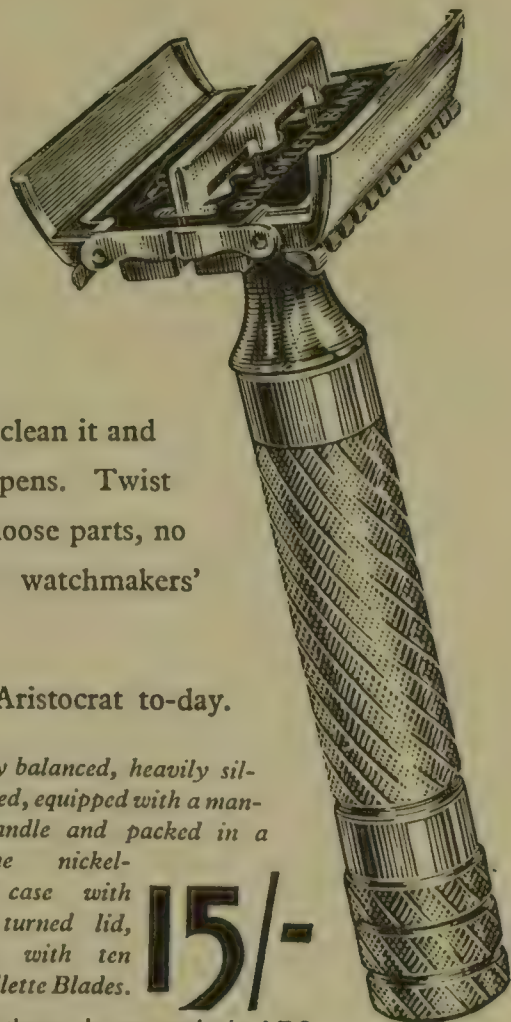


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(Continued.)

Under the Order, it is competent for any policeman or vehicle inspector of the Ministry to jump on any car and demand a test of brakes, silencer, and/or steering-gear. Or he can inspect and test the vehicle on any premises where it may happen to be, after permission of the owner of the premises has been sought and obtained. The one point about this section that I think is open to question is the power it gives to "any police officer" to demand the right to test a car. If it referred only to technically qualified inspectors of the Ministry, I should say it was quite a salutary innovation. Undoubtedly, there are a large number of cars in use, many of ancient vintage, which are quite unsafe for work on the roads. Badly maintained, with brakes that are inefficient, and mechanically liable to break down at any time, they are a menace to the public safety. My own idea of the best way to grapple with this problem of the unsafe car is, in the case of all vehicles over a certain age, to require a certificate of road-worthiness issued by one of the motoring associations or by a properly qualified and appointed service firm, to be produced when the excise licence is renewed.

"Summer Pic," a feast of fun, thrills, and fascination, spiced with wit and flavoured with good humour, is now served, piping hot from the press. Just out, this superb 100-page all-photogravure magazine is remarkable value. There is nothing quite like it. Famous authors contribute to its sparkling pages, and there are brilliant illustrations and joke drawings. Whatever your fancy, there is something to please you, from love romances to rollicking adventure stories. Among the distinguished contributors are Michael Arlen, Roland Pertwee, Beverley Nichols, May Edginton, Ethel Mannin, S. L. Bensusan, Sir Philip Gibbs, Lesley Storm, Dorothy Black, Christine Jope-Slade, and F. E. Baily. In the ranks of the artists will be found such popular favourites as A. C. Barrett, Batchelor, George Whitelaw, Starr Wood, Peter Fraser, Cable, Harold Beards, Bertram Prance, Dennis Mallet, Dunkel, and a host of others. Get your copy to-day. Sixpence everywhere. The whole of the profits from "Summer Pic" will go to charity—the Printers' Pension Corporation and the National Advertising Benevolent Society—so that your sixpence not only brings you hours of happiness, but will help to brighten the lives of others, too.

"THE GENTLE SAVAGE"

(Continued from page 60)

is of a series of bold and varied pictures, often startling in their apparent incongruity with their surroundings. They are so many and so well executed that selection is difficult and must be inadequate. A gang of labourers at a river wood-station—"Surely nowhere, except at the Casino de Paris, could one expect to find a naked black chorus, with peroxide hair, working under the whip of a Nubian slave-driver?" Dinkas literally tearing a hippo to pieces in ecstasy at the prospect of a feast—a gruesome and yet fascinating glimpse of human nature at its crudest. An unfaithful wife, slung on to the official lorry "like a sack of potatoes on top of the pots and pans," to be haled to justice (poor sinner, she had her lesson, for soon afterwards the lorry overturned!). A football match, the teams consisting of two tribes, a hundred a side; "the ball was the common enemy," and away they all went in mad pursuit of it, until "all that could be seen was a great cloud of dust, moving rapidly across the toich, until it disappeared in the forest two miles away." A road through the Azande country, lined on both sides with grinning cannibals! "They raced across the fields—running fit to burst their hearts—to greet me as I went by. And how wonderful was their welcome! What theatrical salutes, extravagant waving, glistening white teeth! 'Sana, sana, sana, sana!' they cried." Cannibals with harps in their hair! (Harps "with a solid wooden base, and some half-dozen steel prongs.") "There was a new moon that hung like a chalice in the sky. . . . I bowed seven times, and the Azande did likewise, those who were seated scrambling to their feet in order to follow my example. The harps made a faint tuneful tinkling. Young girls—dared by their friends—came near; then ran away laughing. As the moon sank behind the rocks, the older men and their wives wandered back to their huts. For an hour the harps tinkled out of the darkness—sometimes a single harp, then a number in unison. The girls began to sing—it was the light happiness of Offenbach." Truly, Africa is a land of the unexpected! In the heart of the wilderness, one hears a murmur of voices and comes upon a group of savages intoning the Lord's Prayer; a little further on, in a clearing, is a church, nearly as big as a cathedral, in Early English Gothic—built by a missionary and his wife with their own hands. In a doctor's house, at the Back of Beyond, the traveller finds "a seventeenth-century garden, Tio Pepe and Van Gogh, Gibbon, Coward, Mozart, and Gracie Fields, '65 brandy, golf clubs, and a tame lion"; while at Yambio he is offered a meal, with caviare, bortch, piroshki and guinea-fowl, which could not be excelled in any capital of Europe. Outside in the forest there are snails with shells as big as oranges, millipedes two inches round and over a foot in length, and worms two feet long. These are but a scant few of Mr. Wyndham's impressionistic sketches—the reader must go to the book itself for a whole exciting gallery of them. The camera has contributed pictures of another kind, admirable and unusual.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE LADY OF LA PAZ," AT THE CRITERION.

THIS comedy is mainly remarkable for the fact that it enables Miss Lilian Braithwaite to appear as the possessor of a startling peroxide wig, four husbands, and innumerable grandchildren. It is a part of immense length and Miss Braithwaite plays it to perfection. Miss Edith Ellis's adaptation of Miss Elinor Mordaunt's novel is not otherwise very effective. The setting is Costa Rica, where the Comtesse Rochecourt reigns as uncrowned queen, settling the affairs of the inhabitants, most of whom appear to be her descendants, with a sceptre of iron. When her favourite granddaughter, Felicia, finds herself married to a too possessive husband, and a faithful retainer shoots him, she shields the murderer with an ease that suggests violent death is not regarded too seriously in this portion of South America. Miss Nova Pilbeam, as the gentle heroine, makes an interesting début in an adult rôle, but cannot yet be said to display much more than promise. She has sincerity and charm, but the part seems beyond her. Mr. Paul Leyssac plays the Comtesse's fourth husband with a light Gallic touch that is very effective.

"A BRIDE FOR THE UNICORN," AT THE WESTMINSTER.

This "imaginary adventure in play form" (as the author calls it) may be bewildering, but it is immensely entertaining. "If you didn't wear a mask," says one of the characters, "how could anybody be sure it was really you?" That line suggests the topsy-turviness of the play. John (played with great power by Mr. Godfrey Kenton) falls in love with a masked lady and goes with her to an hotel. Their bridal night is disturbed by friends wearing the old school tie. When she disappears during the revelry they unite with him to regain her. Money being needed, they go on the Stock Exchange and win fortunes, some of them becoming premiers and primates in the process. John meets a country girl, and, aided by his experience with the masked lady, woos and wins her, and settles down to placid domesticity. War breaks out, and John finds his best friend among the enemy and suspends hostilities by talking to him. During the Peace Conference John meets his school friends for the last time, and finally discovers his masked lady—Death. What meaning (if any) this play has cannot be decided after seeing it only once. It can be said, however, that it has never a dull moment. It does entertain and it is brilliantly acted.



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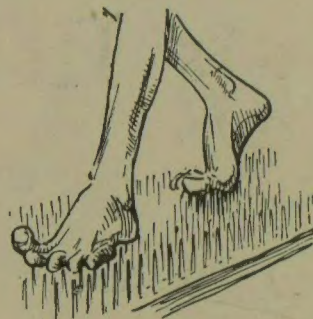


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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

HOLIDAY RESORTS IN INDIA: HILL-STATIONS.

IN India, as in Europe, summer-time is holiday-time, when all who can obtain leave go up to the hill-stations, or holiday-resorts as we should term them, to enjoy their cool and bracing climate. Varying in height from six to seven thousand feet, and situated amongst magnificent mountain scenery, with fine modern hotels and very well equipped for sport of many kinds, the larger type of Indian hill-station is a very attractive spot in which to spend a holiday, and "cold-weather" visitors from this country to India need never fear to prolong their stay until India's summer arrives, since they would then have an opportunity of seeing and enjoying an extremely agreeable form of life in India. Most of the hill-stations of India are high up amongst the great Himalayas, and foremost among them all is Simla—immortalised by Kipling in his "Plain Tales from the Hills." In Kipling's time, one went up to Simla in a horse-drawn vehicle, known as a *tonga*, and warranted to shake you nearly to pieces. That was all changed, however, with the coming of the Kalka-Simla Railway some thirty years ago; and now one travels from Kalka, in the Punjab, and 2143 ft. high, to Simla, a distance of sixty

miles, in the greatest comfort, and along a route which winds its way among towering hills, with steep sides, and crosses delightful little mountain streams—scenery that is fascinating for the whole length of the line.

Known as the "Queen of Indian Hill-Stations," Simla thoroughly deserves the title, and though it is, of course, very official—as the summer headquarters of the Government of India and of the Punjab Government—it is also a big military station, and there is a considerable non-official population. Social life is extremely full and varied, with frequent functions at Viceregal Lodge; polo tournaments and gymkhana meetings at Annandale; private dances at hotels, and performances of the exceptionally talented Simla A.D.C. There is good golf at Nalderapur, plenty of tennis, and Simla actually has a week-end resort, and a very charming one, at Mashobra; whilst there are wonderful woods of deodar, oak, and rhododendron, lovely walks in almost every direction; and the sportsman can generally find hill pheasant and partridge in sufficiently interesting numbers, sometimes deer, and occasionally leopard or black bear.

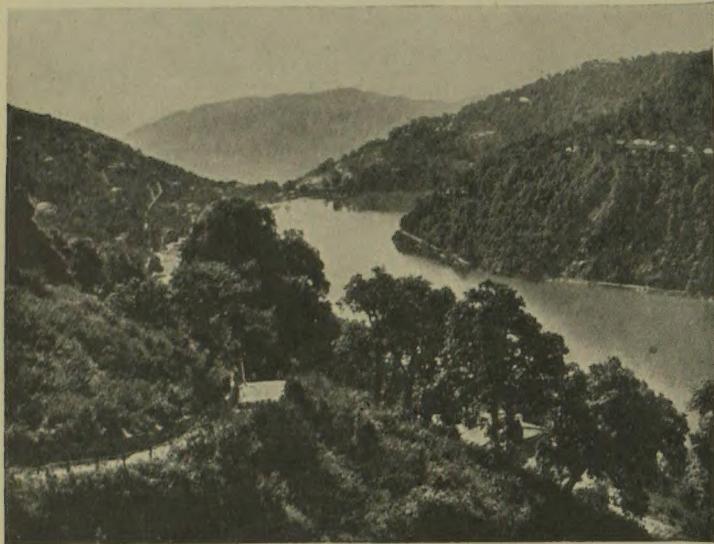
Mussoorie, in the United Provinces, and reached by road from Dehra Dun, where the rail ends, is a very unofficial hill-station, and it has a reputation for gaiety which it does its very best to maintain. It is, therefore, immensely popular with all who have no desire to bask in an official atmosphere, and life for most people, throughout the season, from April to October, with a break during the monsoon rains, is one continual round of dances, concerts, and carnivals, and the military station of Landour, close by, contributes to the programme of amusement. Those who can find time in Mussoorie for anything other than social engagements have the opportunity for a visit to the beautiful Kampti Falls, the largest and most lovely of the many waterfalls about Mussoorie; and then there are walks which reveal glorious views of the Dun, or plain, thousands of feet below, and seen across the low and thickly-wooded ridge of the Siwaliks, and the wonderful panorama of the snowy ranges of the Himalayas, looking

north; whilst within easy distance of Mussoorie, and a very pleasant excursion, is the pretty little military hill-station of Chakrata.

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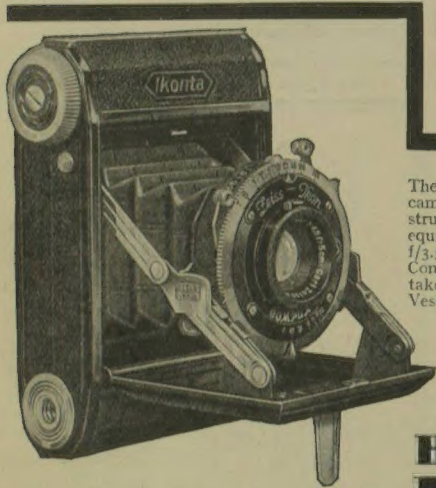


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GERMANY (Continued)

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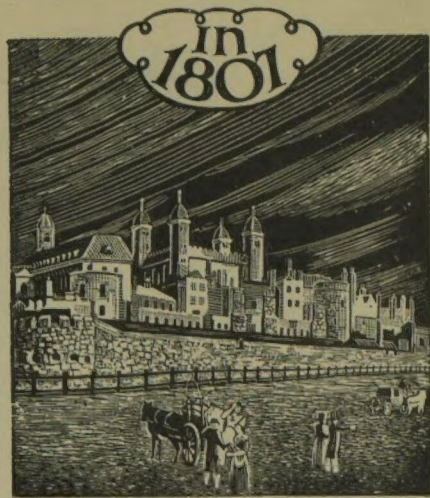


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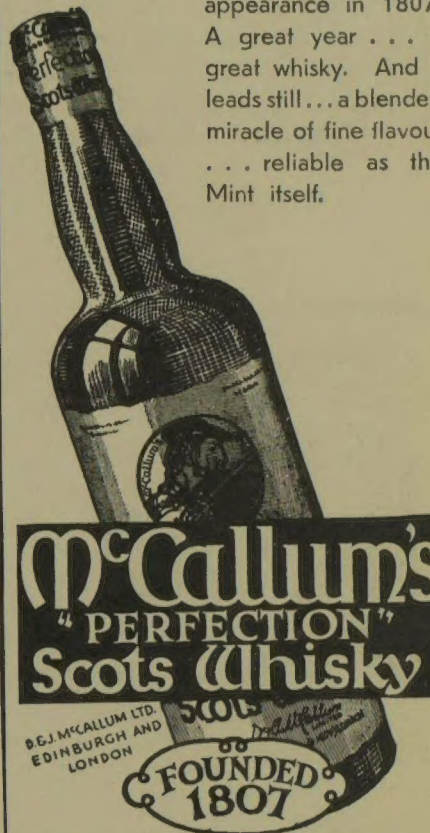
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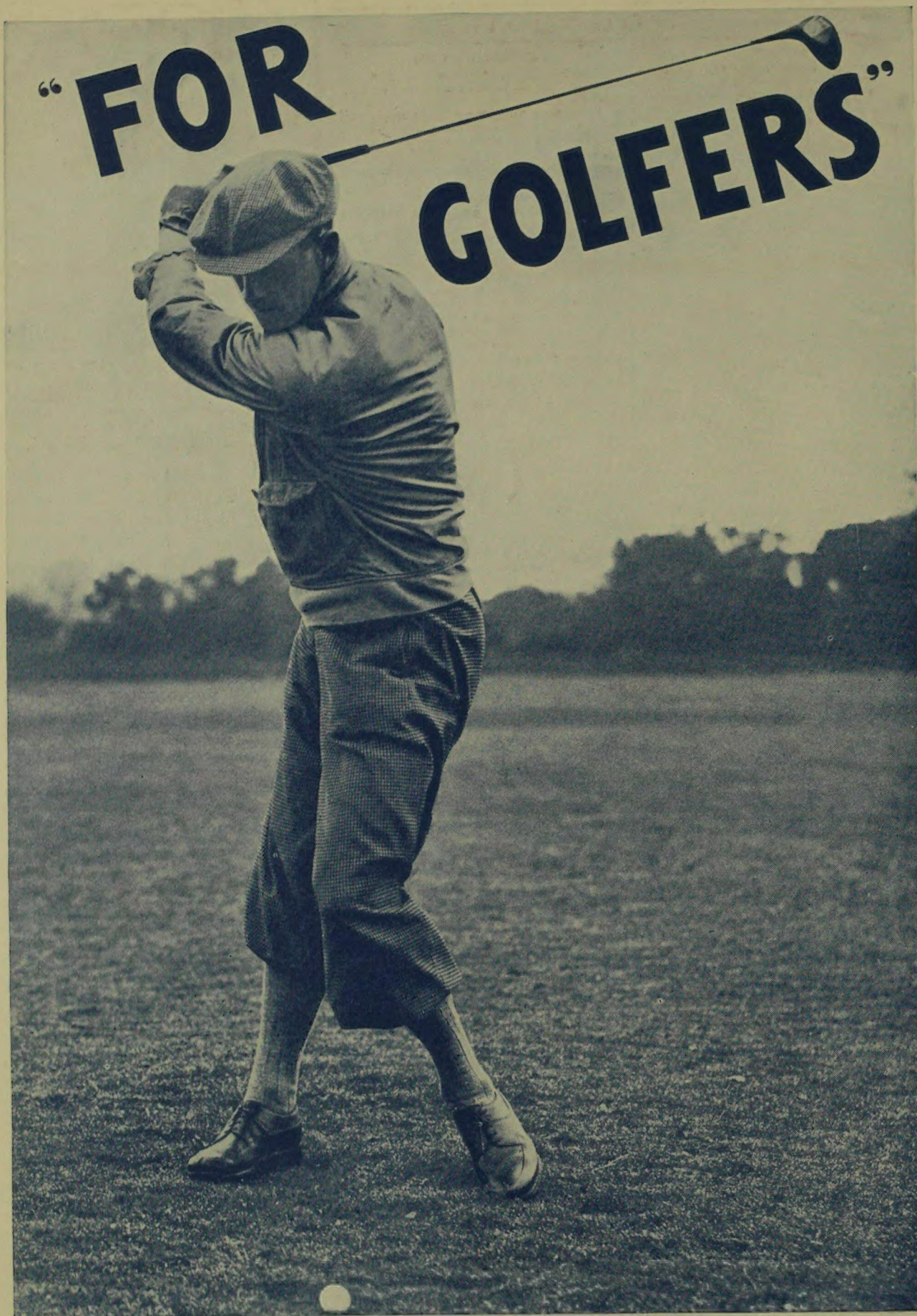
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